

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

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JENNIE LEE.



## At the Theatres.



It was hotter than Afric's burning sands Wednesday night at Booth's, but a very large audience braved the suffocating atmosphere in order to see Michel Strogoff and the new decorations with which Manager Stetson has garnished the massive theatre. Both the play and the improvements were voted a success. We, however, have always questioned the advisability of decorating the interior of a place of amusement too brilliantly. By contrast the stage, with its scenery, looks shabby as a rule, or at any rate the scenic adjuncts suffer to a considerable degree. The public goes to the theatre for the purpose of enjoying the play, not to sit all the evening lost in admiration at the magnificence of the frescoes or the brilliance of the chandeliers; and it is in this respect that we think Stetson has made a mistake by lavishing thousands of dollars on the lobbies, the entrances and the auditorium. Notwithstanding the blazing lights, the rich gold, crimson and white of the staircase and spacious lobbies, one's thoughts revert, with something of a pang, to the severe grandeur of Edwin Booth's original adornments, before Boucicault bastardised them with his bad taste and Stetson effaced them entirely with his wealth of garish surroundings.

Four men—count 'em—are interested in the New York production of Strogoff, viz.: Samuel Colville, who furnishes the piece; J. H. Haverly and E. G. Gilmore, who furnish the money, and John Stetson, who furnishes the remodeled theatre. Messrs. Haverly, Gilmore and Stetson have performed the heaviest part of the work; the rubicund Uncle Sam, with a shrewdness peculiar to the national myth of whom he is a namesake, has spent his time and nearly everything else but his lire toward the production of the piece and its establishment on a sound metropolitan basis before taking it on the road, backed alone by his own responsibility. The scenery and costumes are gorgeous in the extreme, but the setting is scarcely above that middle line which is so exhilarating. Strogoff is a mighty spectacle, pressing a small army of people into service, and what with its ponderous scenery, its heavy action and numerous mechanical effects, the difficulty of giving it a smooth representation is readily understood. There were many hitches Wednesday night, and the tardy or stupid supernumeraries had much to answer for. Nevertheless the audience appeared greatly pleased and sat the play out to the end.

The story of Michel Strogoff is familiar to the readers of Jules Verne's novel. Its most marked feature is its improbability. The Munchausen-like imagination of the French fictionist is fascinating if one can manage to take it seriously, and there is something to commend in the cool fashion with which he follows up lie after lie until Romance herself blushes for very shame. We will not give the plot of the play. After reading George P. Goodale's description, which is given away in the theatre, we dare not attempt the task. His little pamphlet buttermilk Uncle Colville to the fullest extent of the law, and presents the salient features of the piece in a style which puts to the wall the most daring contributor to Beadle's choicest series of dime novels. But we diverge. The Battle Scene is magnificent and created a furor. The panorama of the journey of Strogoff on the raft to Irkutsk was well painted, but badly bungled in the unrolling—an opera which sounded like the far off music of an extensive saw-mill. The ballet was large, the auxiliaries plentiful, though out of gear, and the entire piece a mammoth theatrical show, full of scenic beauties, which did not fail to please. The orchestra under William Withers, Jr., was extremely wretched, playing out of tune and out of time with a persistence which exerted in opposite directions would be appreciated. There were ten scenes, everyone being painted in this country.

Frank Bangs as Strogoff did not hit it off very well with his character. Bangs' voice is husky, and his methods are not good. He pants; he poses; he unsuccessfully endeavors to imitate Booth; he has one redeeming point: he looks the part to the life, and is as handsome as a picture. Newton Gottschold was stiff as Ogareff. Felix Morris will be funny as the English correspondent, John Philpot, when things run smoother. Isadore Davolos lost many opportunities as Hunt the New York journalist. His performance was so unsatisfactory in fact, that Monday night W. J. Ferguson took his place in the cast, giving a very admirable representation of the character on short notice. Eliza Bates

was acceptable only as Maria Strogoff. Florence Robinson played Sanger very well. Rachel Sanger was a sweet and interesting Nadia. There are twenty-six speaking characters in the drama, but outside of those we have just mentioned, they are hardly deserving of comment.

On the whole, the production is an expensive one, which will probably repay the outlay of which it has been the object. The spectacle is truly grand, but we wonder why so much brains and money is wasted over such a miserable dramatic story.

There was something eminently wrong about the arrangements for entrance into the Academy Saturday night, or the curiosity to see the Kiralfys' Michel Strogoff was very great, for immense crowds surged around the gate on the Irving Place side of the house, elbowed, pushed, shoved, and by various other muscular proceedings, rendered the beginning of a hot night intolerable.

The version of the much adapted play used by the Kiralfys is a translation or adaptation by A. R. Cazauran, "Esq." Cazauran, "Esq.," has followed D'Ennery and Verne's dramatization closely, and there are few points of difference between them. We have always considered Cazauran, "Esq.," a brilliant man, but we must confess that having seen this last specimen of his tinkering powers our confidence in his brilliance is rudely shaken. The dialogue is flat, crowded with clap-trap speeches such as only Cazauran, "Esq.," can evolve, and the fun is about as sparkling as a lawyer's brief. Notwithstanding that they were handicapped by a bad dramatization, the Kiralfys gave a performance in most respects superior to that of Colville. Their ballets, their scenery (painted abroad), their acting company, and their supernumeraries are better beyond comparison, and if there is any money in a meritorious spectacular Strogoff the Hungarians should take the first sweep. William Rignold, who plays the title role, is a robust, fine-looking man, and a better actor than Bangs. His performance is strikingly picturesque. Ellie Wilton as Nadia was very pleasing, and Mrs. Carhart made a stalwart Maria. George Edeson played the American correspondent with considerableunction. Although the lines which Cazauran, "Esq.," has given him are densely stupid, he manages to make them tell. By the way, Stephen Fliske's exploit of telegraphing the Bible from Niagara was introduced during the action of the piece, without credit. The cast was in every way effective, and a better representation could not be wished.

As a drama, Michel Strogoff is not calculated to make a deep impression. The story is overcrowded with sensational situations, which of course pall upon the taste. It is principally in the handsome scenery and the fine stage effects that the interest is aroused. Every one of the scenes is a marvel of beauty. The performance was not finished until very late, but since Saturday it has been pruned and smoothed out, and now ends at a reasonable hour. The Kiralfys remain undisputed kings of spectacle, and no rival who has yet entered the lists can hope to displace them.

The Audran Opera company commenced its season at the Bijou Theatre on Tuesday night with the well worn, if not worn out, Mascotte. The chorus is of the first degree of excellence. Rarely have we seen such a parterre of blooming beauty or heard such a nest of nightingales as the female department thereof, while the male section displays clean limbed figures, manly faces and round, powerful voices, all admirably trained by Jesse Williams, to whom the utmost credit is not too much to give. The band, though limited in numbers, is good and thoroughly efficient, obeying their conductor's baton as good soldiers should obey the general, which, by the way, they usually do, provided always that the general knows his business, which Jesse Williams evidently does. Selina Dolaro is pretty, plump and playful as Bettina. She has a lovely contralto voice, well trained, and peculiarly sympathetic in the lower register, but something feeble in the upper notes. Her costumes are beyond praise, and display her very charming contour to the best advantage. She acts with evident understanding of the character, but with as evident a determination not to overdo nor exaggerate, as we once heard her observe. She looks to society for appreciation and not to the "oi pollo." Alonso Hatch is by many degrees the best Frederick that we have seen; his sweet, well cultivated, but still manly tenor raised a very unthankful and insignificant part to importance; but why will he draw his dialogue through his nose like Sam Slick? If a man can learn to sing, to sing so nicely as Mr. Hatch, he can surely learn to speak correctly. Try it, friend Alonso; it is worth your while. As we returned from the theatre we involuntarily glanced at the centre of Madison Square, expecting to see that the tall mast lately erected there for the display of the electric light, had deserted its post, for, of a verity, we saw it on the stage draped in medieval costume and essaying to play Pippo. Or was it Chang, the giant? or the Oberisk? Never have we seen such a Long-fellow! We will not speak at length of his, or its, performance, seeing that it was so far above our heads as to be out of the reach of criticism. When Pippo and Bettina were singing the Gobbling and Baaing duet it was indeed "the long and the short of it."

Blanche Chapman sings better but acts worse than her rival of the Wilbur Mascotte, Miss Lillie West, who invents the part with a grace and charm peculiarly her own, but also is lacking in vocal power. Mr. Denham is altogether inferior to Harry Brown as Prince Lorenzo. Mr. Brown, although some quibbles and accuse him of burlesque, comes nearer to the true French idea than any of our English opera bufflers, who, for the most part, seem to think that the clown and pantomime of Christmas revelry are the models of comic opera. Mr. Brown is comical, perhaps too comical, but comical with a comicality all his own. Mr. Denham is well, not very comical at all, and what fun he does get hold of is very an ancient stripe. Mr. Greensfelder, as Rocco, is very good, quite as good as his congener at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Ed. Chapman. Musically speaking, the palm lies with the Bijou Opera House performance; dramatically, with the Fifth Avenue, although Mr. Hatch, of the Bijou, is immeasurably superior to Mr. Conly in both respects; and Mr. Lithgow James, although of a preternatural height and immeasurable awkwardness, can yet sing, which his opponent of the Fifth Avenue cannot. Miss Livingston, of the Bijou, and Edith Everleigh, of the Fifth Avenue, deserve a good deal of commendation for the modest and pleasing manner in which they sing their solos and for the sweetness of their voices. We trust that the Mascotte has reached its perihelion at last, and that in future we may be treated to something new. "Tonjoux perdre" pales upon the palate; "tonjoux Mascotte" palls upon the ear.

Considering the altitudinous disposition of the thermometer this week, the audiences at Niblo's have been really encouraging, and The World, with all its startling effects and sensational episode, is entertaining the down-towners, as well as a sprinkling of the up-town residents who did not see it at Wallack's. The paraphernalia used at the latter theatre is introduced at Niblo's, and the piece is produced in equally as good style. By a comparison of the cast, the late production suffers but little. Harry Crisp makes as capable a Clement Huntingford as did Osmond Tearle, and in some places we deemed him an improvement, while in others Mr. Tearle's points were given with a pleasanter effect. The gentlemen are almost identical in physique and experience, and their representations are creditable alike to both. Roland Reed's Mo. Jewell will compare favorably with William Eton's; he is a trifle more active, and introduces a nervousness in the part that adds to its effect. His accent and make up are quite creditable. George Morton's Harry Huntingford was given with proper dramatic effect, and the other gentle men did their respective parts well. The ladies, however, are quite weak compared to those in the Wallack cast. The patronage is encouraging, and The World will continue here as long as it pays.

Mirth and mimicry are once more in the ascendant at the San Francisco Miastrel Opera House, the company, augmented by a number of new faces, having inaugurated the Fall and Winter season last Monday evening to an overflowing house. Those genial sons of Monus, Billy Birch and Charley Backus, seem to have gathered a field of fresh comic pods during their jaunt among the country patches, and hurl them mercilessly among their audiences, and receive as a counter irritant the usual echinaceous boomerang. With increasing years the infinite mirth of this twain seems to increase; in most cases it subsides. Like other octogenarians—we have our eye on the club!—they experience the occasional gouty twinge and the pleuritic creak in the side, but this is offset by their natural flow of animal spirits, and as merrymakers they are good for many years to come. The programme presented nowonights is full of good things, and highly relished by the large audiences present. The company as it now stands includes, besides Birch and Backus, Edwin French, Harry Kennedy, F. B. Dixon, H. W. Frillman, W. S. Mullay, Frank Meyer, I. G. Withers, George Powers, A. C. Moreland, Stanley Grey, Frank Dumont, Charles Gibbons, J. M. Morelli, W. H. Schwab, Bob Slavin, James Johnson, F. M. Ricardo, H. W. Roe, H. C. Wyatt, J. H. Ross, Robert Ward, Joseph White and other lesser lights.

The Windsor opened auspiciously on Monday night with another of Messrs. Stevens and Murtha's attractions, the Hearts of Oak, a piece so well known throughout the country that extended comment upon its merits is unnecessary. Mr. Herne is certainly in possession of an attractive play, and, considering the theme did not cost him many sleepless nights, nor its mechanical construction much agony of mind, he is to be congratulated upon the possession of such a bonanza at so little cost. The company engaged in its representation at the Windsor is in many respects the same as that of last season, and the few new members have taken to their parts with capable discernment. Mr. Herne, of course, scuttles like the prominent twinkler in the dramatic constellation, and as Tony Denison, the hero, sustains the character in quite a realistic manner, though to our mind he appears to better advantage as Owen Garway, the

old salt. We could never understand why he made the change, unless the unconquerable desire to look young and handsome (a reprehensible weakness with most professionals) was the instigating motive. Next to Harry Woods, Herne is probably the handsomest man on the stage, and, come to think, there is some reason for his indisposition to rob the public of his facial attractiveness to accommodate the requirements of a character part. Beauty aside, the Hearts of Oak was produced in good style, the scenery belonging to the combination, as well as the mechanical adjuncts. The effective points in the stage business were the wreck and rescue with rockets and life-lines, and a rainburst of real water. This latter effect is original with Messrs. Herne and Belasco, the adaptors of the piece, and is startlingly real. A feature of the entertainment is the appearance of a young lady about four months old, and she goes through her part with all the accompaniments of extreme juvenility. The play is an interesting one, and is drawing well.

Daly's regular season opens to-night with Quits.—Robert Collier is advertising The Professor.—This is the last week of Jennie Lee in Jo at the Fourteenth Street. Next Monday Oliver Doud Byron appears.—This is the third week of Barney McAulay's stay at the Standard. He remains until September 17.—The Hanlon Lees begin the sixth regular season of the Park Saturday night in Le Voyage en Suisse.

## The Musical Mirror.



Remenyi's nights at Koster and Bial's Concert Hall are, for the most part, very enjoyable. We do not for a moment assert that W. Neuendorff is a second Thomas, nor that his band is as the band of the Philharmonic Society, but he is a good director, nevertheless, and the band is a good band. Somewhat uproarious, perhaps, and lacking in the delicacy of pianissimo and the perspective of crescendo that should make the tone of a really perfect orchestra as the Chiaroscuro makes the tone of a perfect picture, but bright, spirited and joyous as the band of a "beer garden" should be. Mr. Remenyi favored us lately with a composition of his own called "El Hidalgo." It purports to be a Spanish dance, and, in so far as pomposity and pretension go, it is very Hidalgoish indeed, but that is all. Like the Hidalgo of Beaumarchais' comedies, it is all outside show and pompous pretense. One expects to see the ample cloak blow aside and discover the rags beneath like Don Cesar de Bizar in "Maritana." Remenyi plays it, however, divinely. In the "Chaconne," by Bach, Remenyi would have done himself immortal honor, but, alas, a refractory string marred all his efforts. Just as he had wound himself up to the true pitch of artistic fervor, just as his face grew glorified with the inner soul stirring through the outward mask, just as his hand grew firm and his finger nailed the note to the board, slip went the infernal catgut, and all was spoiled. Remenyi's face was transfigured from the similitude of an elderly angel to the likeness of a fiend, an ejaculation, not loud but deep, escaped from his lips, as, with a vicious twist he hauled the recalcitrant string up to its normal tension and fired away revengefully at the Chaconne.

Why do people listen to such built up trash as the "Robespierre" of Litoff? Noisy, purposeless, tuneless and meaningless, having nothing to recommend it but the introduced "Marseillaise" which is spoiled by bad arrangement. Litoff is one of the evil results of general musical education which has deluged the world with third-rate composers. When artistic training is difficult to come by, the chances are that few save those whose vocation is irreducible will suffer the pains and labors thereof; but when the aforesaid training is cheap and easily got, people with no especial gifts will take it up as a trade, which will enable its professor to wear good clothes and to keep his hands out of the tax bucket—of such is Litoff. He has taken music up as an architect and builder, and we could only wish that he used better materials and stronger mortar, and did not build so loosely that the whole edifice comes tumbling about our aifrighted ears in an avalanche of big drums, little drums, trumpets and trombones.

Mr. S. Liebling is a very nice little pianist. He has no particular meaning in his playing, which somewhat reminds one of the intellectual performance of the orguine, a delicate piece of machinery that measures out music by the yard like muslin, but still his touch is neat, and he does not let too many notes drop under the seat. But why, oh! why will he inflict such utter trash upon the ears of an unoffending public which has not otherwise sinned save in breaking

the fourth commandment by going to a beer concert on Sunday evening or even to List's most weak and wicked "Gypsies on Hungarian Airs," the which, who calleth music, committeth the unpardonable sin.

The Metropolitan Concert Hall gives, as usual, excellent music well performed. There is evidence here of more careful training or more frequent rehearsals than elsewhere, and Rudolf Bial, the beautiful, is alone worth the price of admission. His acting is really superb, and his poses are like "the herald Mercury, new lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill."

If the "New England Conservatory of Music of the Boston University" performs one half, nay, one-tenth of what it professes, then is the "New England etc. etc. etc." a boon to humanity? The list of trustees, visitors, officers and professors is complete and effulgent. We only hope that the list of successful pupils may be glorious also. Seriously, we opine that as far as our poor judgment goes, the programme is a good one, and the prospects of its being faithfully carried out to the end are very fair.

One of the most characteristic and melodious songs we have ever heard is Molloy's "Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing." The very sound of the bagpipes and the scent of the clover on the hillsides and flush fields of old Ireland is in the tune. We seem to be at a cross roads dance of a Sunday evening as we listen to it. Why are German Valkyries considered classical while Irish ballads are voted commonplace? There is a deal of snobbery in music—as in everything else. As a little but enthusiastic Frenchman once observed to us regarding certain orchestral concerts: "Sauerkraut is ver good ting himself, Mias. Sauerkraut all ze time—No!"

## The Circus.



BROADWAY DURING COUP'S PARADE.

"Hup la! Here we are again!" Coup's Circus, with its wonderful riders, acrobats, leapers, and menagerie is upon us, and with the hot weather it leaves the theatres a very poor prospect for the week. Without a single exception this exhibition is the best of its kind New York has seen in years. Every act is an attraction in itself, and the whole show is pleasing in the extreme. Monday night the inhabitants turned out to see the grand street parade, which was received with loud demonstrations of approval and delight. People paid fabulous prices for windows from which to view the procession, and they were amply repaid the cost. Tuesday night, notwithstanding the intense humidity of the atmosphere, the Madison Square Garden was filled with thousands of people. The interior of the Garden was rather cooler than the streets outside. Lighted with electric lights, and profusely sprinkled with water, the place was by no means unpleasant. Hundreds of children were present, each one sporting several adult escorts, giving support to Josh Billings' wise saying, "It takes 4 grown fokes to bring 1 child to the surkus." The audience was highly pleased with the show, and they only did it the justice it deserves.

The programme was extensive and varied. First came an overture by Professor Mentor's admirable band, which is quite as good as Gilmore's organization. Then the grand entree of all the men and women in the show, handsomely costumed, took place. After this Farin's genuine Zulus went through some curious war songs and dances, and gave a remarkable exhibition of skill with the assegai, which alone proved their nativity. The beautiful Broncho horses came next in their wonderful tricks. They were followed in rapid succession by simultaneous acrobatic performances in three rings; Lowande, somersault rider; Geraldine and Leopold, aerial gymnasts, the woman jumping seventy feet from the roof into a net; a clever dog circus, and Katie Stokes, a capital bareback rider. Then there were more acrobatic feats; Donald Melville rode beautifully on a bareback horse, and Emma Stokes gave a very neat tandem manège in the sidesaddle. The most remarkable feature of the whole entertainment, which was filled with remarkable things, was the flight of Lulu, the man bird, from a catapult. In addition to the ring performance, a series of chariot, Roman, flat and standing races are given to wind up the evening. A better show than Coup's or a better satisfied audience that witnessed it we have never seen, and the probability is that the entertainment will be crowded every day and night during its stay in this city.

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Pen and Pencil.



What with the fighting Strogoffs, the rival Mascottes and the hot weather, theatrical New York is having a pretty lively time of it. Pencil and I have seen both the Russian "fellers," and it's as hard to choose between 'em as it is to meet with an attentive waiter in the *cafe* of the Morton House. We went to the revised Booth's one night last week and viewed Colville, Haverly, Gilmore and Co.'s spectacular efforts with critical eyes, and we set apart Saturday evening to grapple with the Kiralfy's endeavor, a nice, convenient arrangement which allowed our minds to settle in the meantime.



Frank Bangs played Mike in the up-town version, and to be characteristic he made his acting correspond with his name as far as asthma and disobliging supernumeraries would allow. Bangs' voice is a caution to men who suffer from *chikken* or other kindred pulmonary complaints. It is no worse now than when he ruptured my ear-drum chinning over the corpus of *Cæsar*, but it is by no means pleasant, I assure you. Whenever stage directions called for a struggle between Michel and Tartara, Bangs was wrought up to a frenzy fearful to behold, because the blockhead "super" spoiled his fine effects, refusing to seize him with any show of fierceness and repudiating all his efforts to work them up to the powerful spirit called for by the situation. Matters were not improved much by Bangs, who whispered things deep and low into the ears of the men who play at Tartars for the munificent return of fifty cents per night. One of these, who swaggered a little more than the rest, resented Mr. Bangs' profane confidences. He stood it a reasonable length of time, and then drew back to a *Billy-the-Kid* attitude, and audibly remarked: "What d'yer say? Don't yer gie me none o' yer guff or I'll bust yer jaw!" To which thrill-



*Making things warm for Michael.*

ing threat the noble Courier of the Czar, remembering, no doubt, his vow (and his asthma) paid no attention, although through a borrowed *borgnette* methought his *flor* make up failed just a wee trifl in color, and his strong right arm trembled as if in urgent need of a *derrick*. But this may have been *imag nat on*—or heat. Bangs has seen Fechter, and perhaps has played with him. That may account for the manner in which he poses and attitudinizes all over the boards. At the point where Strogoff's eyes are seared and he falls prostrate, Bangs noticeably picked up a nice, neat spot down the stage, where there were no slivers and no dirt, and there he dropped comfortably in the most approved of Fechterian romantic positions.

The serious night of a vast lot of stage machinery working ponderously, was enlivened here and there by a few light spots of humor, for which I was truly grateful. The gentle-

man in a hood and shroud-like garment beated the sword for Mike's eyes with a cool satisfaction and a property brasier, both of which were delightfully funny to note. Mike was lacking in politeness not to have thanked the torturer for the neatness and dispatch which he had exercised in preparing the weapon for its pleasant mission.



The Khan was another amusing gentleman. For a person who ruled with an iron hand the wide area of Tartary, I must admit he did not impress me so much with his importance as with his humor. The way in which he ran his finger through the dilapidated copy of the New York code which answered for a Koran was highly hilarious, and if he had hit upon one of Mark Twain's comic untruths or one of Josh Billings' quaint misspellings instead of a sentence to deprive Mike of his sight, the laughable effect could not have been better conceived. It might be dangerous to introduce two Khans, but a Khan-Khan would have been greatly relished by Mike if it had been judiciously spiced in between some of the battles that marked the fete on which his eyes were permitted to rest prior to his introduction to the warm article which the faithful attendant was meantime preparing for use on his optics.



*Michael's "Ma"*

Mike's Mar—la was a very attentive lady indeed. I'd like to resurrect such a mother as that out in Irkutsk or Siberia, or somewhere. It's a good sort of maternal ancestor to have who'll recognize her offspring by his picking up a burning shell, and chucking it out at the window. The big difficulty in possessing such a Ma as that would be the difficulty in procuring burning shells just at the right moment. We're not all neighbors of O'Donovan Rossa, and I don't know anybody else in the business who can furnish explosives to suit all occasions, which are warranted safe and harmless. Perhaps the Strogoff stamp of mother is impracticable after all.



*A superior bossback*

Stetson's "super" were wonderful and fearful to behold. They offer a splendid field of observation for the craniologist or physiognomist—and don't forget it. A cossack with a blacking brush wig and generally wild expression of countenance stood out from



the background of ordinary "super," as an electric light casts in the shade a yellow jet of gas. This "super" knew his busine like a book, and he was only rivaled in

this respect by the pride of Stetson's heart, the trumpeters, who pretended to blow on their gilt-covered pinewood instruments with an air of martial fervor which plainly said: "Ho! for the treasurer, and our fifty cents per night!"



*Kiralfy*

Kiralfy is a regular genius in his way. He's a Jew, and a good Jew too, and he can mount a spectacle with more show and less money than anybody in the business. By Kiralfy, I mean Imre, of course—the others don't count. Bussy is only "mein bruder," and Arnold is only a dancer. Imre has all the brains, and it is to his perseverance and energy the others owe their prosperity and wealth.



*Academy "Michael"*

Pencil and I managed to squeeze in at the Academy Saturday night, and taking our seats in the stalls prepared to make comparisons. The first chance came along in the person of William Rignold, who played Michel. He is a broad-shouldered, lusty-limbed man with a big voice and a girlish lisp. He didn't look pretty, but he played



*The two Comedians*

very well indeed—so well, truly, that our native Bangs doesn't stand a ghost of a chance when you place them side by side. Ah, well! Good Michaels don't grow on



*Stetson's trumpetine*

every bush, and having seen a bad one and a fine one I should be satisfied.

There were but two legitimate comedians in the Academy M. S. One was George Edeson, who played the New York correspondent, and the other was the donkey he rode. This docile beast made lots of natu-

ral fun, and showed that as an actor he beats a certain other comedian "all hollow" as Blunt would say.



*Academy "Joy" Soldier*

Ogareff at the Academy is a very wicked man, small in size, but big in badness. He carried the banner of vice successfully to the last act, and as it was then Sunday morning, when good folks should have been at home



*A specimen of Russian Soldier*

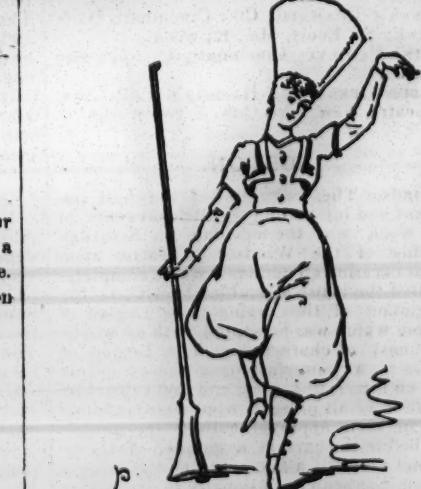
and snoring, I was very glad to see Vice properly punished by Virtue, by means of a rough-and-tumble stabbing affray.

There were some good things in spades at the Academy as well as at Booth's. The



*A hypos—bad—evn to the come she wore*

soldier's on spirited rocking horses, fresh from the car-stables at Fourth avenue and Thirty-eighth street, belonged to this category, as did some of the infant-ry, all of hem minors.



*A disappointing Costume*

The ballets were excellent, especially the modest one in which the *coryphes* wore long, baggy trousers. A Quaker might see the performance fully justified by this redeeming feature.

It is too warm to write any more. Pencil's pictures must speak for themselves.

PEN.

J. O. Sefton died at the Franklin House, Detroit, Mich., last week, from injuries received while sparring with a brother professional. Mr. Sefton was a member of the W. H. Powers Dramatic company, and was on his way from Lexington, Ky., to Toronto. He was about sixty years of age, and was born in England. This season he was to have played first old man parts in Powers' company.

## Professional Doings.

Donald Robinson has been engaged by Steele Mackaye.

Marie Williams and Helen Tracy will be members of Daly's Theatre this season.

E. A. Locke will essay the role of the Judge in George S. Knight's *Baron Rudolph* combination.

Maffit and Bartholomew's pantomime troupe came to grief in New Brunswick a few weeks ago.

C. F. Herbert has been engaged by George S. Knight for the part of the Sheriff in *Baron Rudolph*.

H. L. H., Chicago: Of course there is no such book published. Stage slang should be squelched instead of perpetuated.

Agnes Leonard, who has been ill for some time past, has recovered, and is shortly to appear at one of our theatres.

Marcus R. Mayer is in town, after successfully managing a *World* combination in Canada. He thinks of taking it out again.

E. A. Locke has just completed a drama called *Maberry's Girl*, which has been accepted by B. McAuley, now playing at the Standard.

J. W. Raymond, manager of the Owen Bartlett company, left the members in the lurch at Clinton, Iowa, last week. Pass him round.

John L. Burleigh, a prominent lawyer of Ann Arbor, Mich., and ex-State Senator, has become stage-struck, and will soon make his debut in Detroit.

George Hanlon and wife arrived by the steamer *Spain* from Europe on Monday. He will assume the business management of the Hanlon-Leece party.

Georgie Cayvan has been engaged at the Madison Square Theatre for the title role in the play of *Hasel Kirke*, which will take the road October 1.

The original *Hasel Kirke* combination, with Coulcock as *Dunstan*; and Eddie Miller as *Hasel*, gave their 77th performances at St. Paul, Minn., last week.

The veteran manager, John C. Wilson, fell from a ladder while gathering fruit at his farm in Milton, Conn., on the 2d inst., and severely fractured his left leg.

Charles Wheatley will play *Dunstan Kirke* in the new Madison Square Theatre company, which leaves for a tour throughout New England early in October.

Mark Wolf, acting correspondent in Boston of *The Mirror*, has written a comedy called *Our Company*, which has been purchased by the Corinne Morris Makers.

The Legion of Honor company are drawing large audiences at the Windsor Theatre, Boston, and of course Frank Gardner is as eccentric as a school-boy with a new top.

George H. Adams, the clown, warmed up *The Mirror* last week from New Brunswick, N. J.: "Received this morning a seven and a half pound *Columbus*. Both well."

A pleasant feature of Coup's opening Monday night was the presentation to H. A. Mentzer, leader, by the hand of a handsome gold curtain. Mr. Mentzer has been with the show three years.

We've all heard about Tom Brown at *Rugby*, but the Tom Brown at the San Francisco Opera House is by all odds a better friend to cultivate. Mr. Brown is one of the oldest agents in the business.

We stated a few weeks ago that Mrs. Burnett's play of *Emeralda*, owing to the success of *The Professor*, had been delayed, but it seems it is only temporary, as it is again announced for production early in October.

The inauguration of the Windsor Theatre, Boston, under the management of John A. Stevens, on Monday evening, with Frank Gardner's Legion of Honor company, was a genuine success, and all predict a bright career for the new house.

Frank Mayo commences his season at Providence next Monday in *Macbeth*. We are a little anxious to know how Frank is going to pan out in the legitimate. If his success is commensurate with his confidence, he will have nothing to complain of.

John E. Ince has been engaged by Tompkins and Hill to play the French correspondent at the Boston Theatre in their version of *Michel Strogoff*. Mr. Ince was originally engaged by Daniel Colville to play the same character at Booth's, but was supplanted by some one else.

Charles Blanchett has shown us a dispatch from C. E. Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, stating that *Patience* had proved a great success, by the Meiville Opera Trupe. The dispatch stated that a petition had been presented to the management by five hundred citizens, among whom were "twenty millionaires," asking its continuance. The company appeared in Denver week of 26th, on its way East.

Charles McGaughy took leave of Hayley's European Matadors at Indianapolis last Saturday as their treasurer, preparatory to starting for San Francisco to undertake the management of the Bush Street Theatre there. The Wilbur Opera company are, however, endeavoring to secure McGaughy as their manager. The Madison Square Theatre government are also in treaty for his services as manager of the *Professor* on route. So Charles says.

Mr. Daly intends to inaugurate a series of special Wednesday matinees, beginning on the 21st. At each performance he will produce something new—from the emotional drama to burlesque. Agnes Leonard and H. M. Pitt will appear in society pieces. Specialty plays will also be given to allow May Fielding, Marie Williams and others to appear to advantage; and later in the season George Vandenhoff, Jr., will make his debut. Mr. Daly proposes to make these matinees particularly attractive to young and old.

There is blood on the face of the theatrical moon in Cincinnati, caused by the announcement of Manager James Collins, of Henck's, that *The World* will be presented at his theatre during the week of the 12th. Bob Miles, manager of the Grand and Robinson's in same city, who has booked Sam Colville's version for presentation at Robinson's in October, declares in positive terms his rival shall not present the play, and will probably apply for an immediate injunction. There is a remote possibility that the world war is being carried on for the sake of finishing the disputed play a great *vertissement*, thereby mutually both sides of the house.

## PROVINCIAL.



What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

## DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ACME OPERA CO.: Terre Haute, Ind., 8; Lafayette, 9.

ANTHONY, ELLIS AND HATHAWAY'S CO.: Wilmington, N. C., 7; Charleston, 9, 10; Savannah, 12, 13; Augusta, 14, 15; Atlanta, 16, 17.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.: Chicago, Aug. 29, eight weeks.

ADA GRAY: Montreal, Can., 5, one week; Cornwall, 12, 13; Ogdensburg, N. Y., 14; Watertown, 15.

ANNIE PIXLEY: Titusville, 9; Bradford, 10; Buffalo, 12, week; Boston, 19, two weeks; Providence, R. I., Oct. 3, week.

BARNETT MCALYUE: Standard Theatre, New York, 5, two weeks; Boston, 19, two weeks.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE AND WEST'S MINSTRELS: Washington, D. C., 8, 9, 10; Cumberland, Md., 12; Altoona, Pa., 13; Johnstown, 14; Pittsburgh, 15, 16, 17; Chicago, 19, week.

BIG FOUR MINSTRELS: Springfield, O., 6, week.

BARRY AND FAY'S COMEDY CO.: Cincinnati, 0., 5 week; Dayton, 12.

BARKER AND FARRON: Albany, 5, week; Auburn, 12.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S MY GERALDINE CO.: Philadelphia, Pa., 5, week; Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., 12, week.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S GALLEY SLAVE CO.: Allentown, Pa., 8.

BUCKALO BILL'S SENSATIONAL CO.: Chicago, 4, week; Ottawa, 11; Aurora, 18, 14; Freeport, 16; Janesville, Wis., 16; Madison, 17; Milwaukee, 18, 19, 20, 21; La Crosse, 22; St. Paul, Minn., 23, 24; Stillwater, 26; Minneapolis, 27.

BROOKS AND DICKSON'S WORLD COMB.: Indianapolis, Ind., 5, week; Springfield, Ill., 12; Booth's Theatre, New York city, 19, week.

CHILD OF THE STATE (HOOTY AND HARDIE): New York city, 12, two weeks.

C. L. DAVIS (ALVIN JORLIN): Ithica, N. Y., 9; Auburn, 10; Geneva, 12; Canandaigua, 13; Batavia, 14; Rochester, 15, 16, 17; Hornellsville, 18; Albany, 20, 21; Buffalo, 23, 24.

CLIMAX COMEDY CO.: Garden Grove, Ia., 5, week; Leon, 12, week; Bethany, Mo., 19, week; Trenton, 26, week.

COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER CO.: Jersey City, N. J., 5, week.

COMA VAN TASSELL DRAMATIC CO.: Leavenworth, Pa., 8; Harrisburg, 10.

COMET BARTON COMIC OPERA CO.: N. Y. City, 19, four weeks.

DEAKER'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMB.: Lancaster, O., 9; Circleville, 10; Chillicothe, 12; Greenfield, 13; Cynthiana, Ky., 14; Paris, 15.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO.: Denver, Col., 5, week.

FRED. B. WARDE DRAMATIC CO.: St. Louis, 4, week.

FRANK CHANFRAU: Boston, 5, two weeks.

FANNY LOUISA BUCKINGHAM: Boston, 12, week.

FREDERICK PAULDING: Reading, Pa., 19, 20; Altoona, 21; Wheeling, W. Va., 22; Youngstown, O., 23; Columbus, 24; Springfield, 26; Dayton, 27; Louisville, Ky., 29, 30.

FLORENCE HERBERT: Ottawa, Ill., 7, 8, 9, 10; Joliet, 12, week; Bloomington, 20, week; Peoria, 27, week, through the State Fair.

FRANK J. FAHEY: Albany, N. Y., 12, 18; Glens Falls, 14; Whitehall, 15; Troy, 16, 17; Saratoga, 19.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: Spartansburg, S. C., 8; Atlanta, Ga., 9, 10, 12, 13; Rome, 14, 15; Birmingham, Ala., 16, 17; Chattanooga, Tenn., 19, 20; Nashville, 21, 22; Indianapolis, Ind., 23, 24; Milwaukee, Wis., 26, week.

FLORENCE GILLETTE CO.: Montreal, Can., 5, week; Ottawa, 12, 13, 14; Kingston, 15, 16, 17.

GENEVIEVE WARD: New York City, 26, four weeks.

GULICK'S FURNISHED ROOMS: Des Moines, Ia., 5, week; Creston, 12, 13; Omaha, Neb., 14, 15, 16; Sioux City, Ia., 17; St. Paul, Minn., 19, 20; Minneapolis, 21, 22; Stillwater, 23; Eau Claire, Wis., 24; Janesville, 26; Beloit, 27; Rockford, Ill., 28; Aurora, 29; Streator, 30; Chicago, Oct. 3, two weeks.

GARDNER'S LEGION OF HONOR CO.: Boston, 5, week.

G. C. HOWARD'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: Pittsburgh, Pa., 5, week.

GEORGE CLARKE'S CONNIE SOOGAN COMB.: Pittston, Pa., 8; Williamsport, 9; Danville, 10; Pottsville, 12; Reading, 13; Lancaster, 14; Lebanon, 15; Harrisburg, 16; Allentown, 17; Baltimore, Md., 19, week.

GEORGE H. ADAMS' HUMPTY DUMPTY CO.: Williamsburg, N. Y., 5, week; Wilmington, Del., 12; Norristown, Pa., 13; Bethlehem, 14; Allentown, 15; Wilkes-Barre, 16; Scranton, 17.

HILL'S ALL THE RAGE: Greencastle Ind., 8; Joliet, Ill., 10.

HENRIETTA VADERS: Galesburg, Ill., 12; Jacksonville, 13.

HOOLEY'S COMEDY CO.: Chicago, Ill., 5, week; Grand Rapids, Mich., 12; East Saginaw, 13; Bay City, 14; Port Huron, 15; Lansing, 16; Jackson, 17; Ann Arbor, 19; Adrian, 20; Sandusky, O., 21st; Wooster, 22d; Akron, 23; Warren, 24; Cleveland, 26, week; Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 3.

HAGUE'S EUROPEAN MINSTRELS: Baltimore, 12, one week.

HAWLEY'S NEW MANTODON MINSTRELS: Jersey City, N. J., 8, 9, 10; Hawley's Theatre, New York, 12.

HAWLEY'S WIDOW BEDOTT: Jersey City, 13, 14; Newark, 15; Trenton, 16, 17.

HATS OF OAK: Windsor Theatre,

New York City, 5, week; Brooklyn, N. Y., 12, week; Williamsburg, 19, week.

JAY RIAL'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Worcester, Mass., 8, 9; Marlboro, 10; New Haven, Conn., 19, week.

JOSEPH MURPHY: Portsmouth, N. H., 19; Manchester, 20; Worcester, Mass., 21; Marlboro, 22; Springfield, 23; Boston, 24, week; Amsterdam, N. Y., Oct. 3; Syracuse, 4, 5, 6; Rochester, 7, 8.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON: Union Sq. Theatre, N. Y. City, 12, two weeks.

JOHN STONER AND MILLER: Murfreesboro, Tenn., 8; Nashville, 9, 10.

JARRETT'S FUN ON THE BRISTOL: Portland, Me., 8, 9, 10; Lowell, Mass., 12; Lawrence, 13; Manchester, N. H., 14; Portsmouth, 15; Lynn, Mass., 16; Chelsea, 17; Boston, 19, two weeks.

JOHN T. RAYMOND: Boston, 5, two weeks.

JARRETT AND PALMER'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: New Haven, Conn., 9, 10; Hartford, 12, 13.

JOLLITTE'S CO.: Lebanon, N. H., 8; Montpelier, Vt., 9, 10; Montreal, Can., 12, week; Burlington, Vt., 19; Rutland, 20; Albany, N. Y., 21, 22.

KIRALFY'S MICHAEL STROGOFF: Academy of Music, New York City, 1, three weeks.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S DRAMATIC CO.: Milwaukee, Wis., 5, one week; Pittsburgh, Pa., 12, one week.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS: Boston, 5, week.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ SANTLEY CO.: New York, 5, week.

LEAVITT'S SPECIALTY CO.: Philadelphia, 5, week.

LINGARD'S STOLEN KISSES COMB.: Jacksonville, Ill., 8; Springfield, 9; St. Louis, Mo., 12, ten nights.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE CO.: Milwaukee, Wis., 5, week; Muskegan, Mich., 12; Grand Rapids, 13; Jackson, 14; East Saginaw, 15; Bay City, 16; Port Huron, 17.

MAX FEHRMANN'S COMB: Omaha, Neb., 6, week; San Francisco, 13, eight weeks.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY: Minneapolis, 5, week; Winona, 13; Lacrosse, 14; Madison, 15; Peoria, Ill., 15; Bloomington, 16; Decatur, 17; St. Louis, 18, week; Milwaukee, 25, week; Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3, week.

M. B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN COMB.: Cincinnati, O., 5, week; Cleveland, 12, week.

MY PARTNER (ALDRICH AND PARSOLE) GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, AUG. 29, TWO WEEKS.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE: Boston, Mass., 5, two weeks.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. S. KNIGHT: Grand Opera House, N. Y., 12, two weeks.

NICK ROBERTS' (40-CLOWN MINSTRELS): Brooklyn, Oct. 3, week; New York, 10, Boston, 24.

NIXON, DALY AND KISTER'S WORLD COMB.: Boston, Aug. 29, two weeks.

NAT C. GOODWIN: Philadelphia, 5, week; Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 3, 4, 5, 6.

OLD SHIPMATES COMB. (FRANK MORDAUNT): Toledo, O., 8, 9, 10; Detroit, 12, week.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (LILLIAN CLEVES): Ashland, Pa., 8; Shamokin, 9; Williamsport, 10; Elmira, 12, 13; Hornellsville, 14; Salamanca, 15; Bradford, 16, 17; Buffalo, 19, 20, 21, 22.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON: Danville, Pa., 8; Scranton, 9; Pittston, 10; Haverly's Fourteenth Street, New York, 12, week.

PALMER GRAHAM-ROGERS CO.: Philadelphia, Pa., 5, week; Boston, 12, week.

ROBSON AND CRANE: Detroit, Mich., 5; Chicago, 12, week.

ROSSI DRAMATIC CO.: Boston, Mass., October 2, two weeks; New York city, 17, two weeks.

ROSS EYTINGE IN FELICIA: London, Can., 9, 10.

SAMUEL COLVILLE'S MICHAEL STROGOFF: Booth's Theatre, New York city, Aug. 29, three weeks.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S EDGEWOOD FOXES COMB.: London, Can., 5; Hamilton, 6; Toronto, 7, 8, 9, 10; Milwaukee, Wis., 12, week; Logansport, Ind., 19; Lafayette, 20; Terre Haute, 21; Indianapolis, 22, 23; Cincinnati, 25, week; Dayton, O., Oct. 3; Springfield, 4; Columbus, 5; Zanesville, 6; Wheeling, 7; Cumberland, Md., 8; Brooklyn, N. Y., 10, week.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Cedar Rapids, Ia., 8; Clinton, 9; Eau Claire, Wis., 10; Milwaukee, 12, week; Chicago, 19, week.

THE CAMP FIRE COMB.: Salem, Mass., 7; Beverly, 8; Danvers, 9; Georgetown, 10; Haverhill, 12, 13; Amesbury, 14; Exeter, N. H., 15; Rochester, N. Y., 16; Great Falls, 17.

THOMAS W. KEENE: Cleveland, O., 5, week.

TONY PASTOR'S CO.: Cleveland, O., 5, week.

TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Xenia, O., 8.

VERNER'S DRAMATIC CO.: Cincinnati, O., 5, week; St. Louis, Mo., 12, week.

VOKES FAMILY: Cincinnati, O., 5, two weeks.

WILBUR OPERA CO.: Haverly's Fifth Ave. Theatre, New York City, 5, two weeks.

## BOSTON.

Windsor Theatre: One of the most important and interesting theatrical events of the week was the opening on Saturday evening of the Windsor Theatre, upon which occasion an audience which completely filled the house assembled to witness the production of the drama, the Legion of Honor, which was presented with an admirable cast of characters. The Legion of Honor is a powerfully-constructed drama with an interesting plot, and held the close attention of all present, who were enthusiastic in their approval, calling the principals before the curtain a number of times. Samuel Piercy is a fine actor, and barring a tendency to scowl occasionally in expressing passion, presented a faultless impersonation. Lewis Morrison, as the Count, was thoroughly artistic, and the same can be said of Annie Graham and Forrest Robinson. The next attraction will be Gus Williams in his new play of Wanted, a Carpenter.

Grand Opera House (J. A. Hamlin, manager): Daniel Rochat does not prove a profitable continuation. While there are medium houses, it would change by this superb company presenting some other attraction. The plot and movement of the play appeals to reason, instead of the eye, and thus fails to attract like more sensational and spectacular productions. Felicia will be seen for the first time in this city on the 5th.

Hooley's (R. M. Hooley, manager): This place was absolutely full Monday evening with an audience ready to welcome Henrietta Vaders as a dramatic star. The play was Fazio. Perhaps something better might have been selected, but it served to exhibit Miss Vaders' ability. She may lack in power and magnetism, but it is undeniable she possesses great dramatic talent. After Fazio came Shadows. This is a new play, comparatively, but a theme picked up from some old band box which might have been properly labeled "Superstitions." It consists of a prologue and four acts, the prologue period being in 1660 and the drama the present time. Her work in this is rather better than her impersonation of Bianca. She gives great force to the important situations and acts with good expression. It is a pity that she lacks sufficient support. Hooley's Comedy company appear next week in Birds of a Feather. There may be trouble among the comedians, as the erratic John already expresses dissatisfaction with the part.

Sprague's Gigantic Novelty combination has brought very good attendance. They close each performance with a one act farce comedy entitled That Man from Galway. Monday, 5th, Buffalo Bill and his company will present the Prairie Waif, introducing his trained donkey, rifle shooting and a band of Indians.

Criterion (Charles Engle, manager): This new theatre on Sedgwick street, corner of Division, will be opened with Peep O'Day Boys by the stock company 5th. In the Donybrook fair scene specialties will be introduced. Alfred Johnson will be director of amusements and stage manager; W. J. Gunning, scenic artist; Harry Williams, machinist; and James Morrison, leader of orchestra. The house is prettily finished throughout. New mechanical arrangements will allow the stage to be cleared of scenery at pleasure, so that the whole stage opening will be available for any spectacular business. A new improvement is also noticeable in the construction of lights in the flies. They are attached to iron pipes, with movable brass joints, and there will be no danger of fire as in the use of rubber tubing. The stage will be thoroughly warmed in Winter, so that the stage people will not suffer. The auditorium is comfortable and convenient, and will accommodate 1800 people.

Academy of Music (William Emmett, manager): This elegant theatre will reopen the 12th. Although everything appeared in first-class order at the close of last season. Manager Emmett has had the painters at work again, and the upper portion of the house has been retouched and beautified. A handsome design in fresco work is just being finished in the vestibule. The external has not been neglected, and the walls and lamp posts present a very pretty appearance. There are no changes in the officers, except that E. D. Gooding takes

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

Bush Street Theatre (Charles E. Locke, proprietor): J. K. Tillotson's Planter's Wife did the largest business of Charlotte Thompson's engagement, and last week each night she showed to splendid houses. The piece is full of incongruities, but it seemed to suit the popular taste. Charlotte Thompson's engagement will conclude tomorrow (Wednesday). 1st, the Enele Melville Opera Company commence a brief engagement preparatory to their Eastern tour, opening in Patience. Other operas will be produced during the engagement. Patience was given 1st night by the Enele Melville company in San Jose, to a large house.

Baldwin Theatre (Thomas Maguire, manager): The Strangers of Paris was continued past week to good business. Last night Florence Maryat's new and original drama, entitled Miss Chester was produced for the first time in America. It is very strange that our theatres produce such trash nowadays in the way of plays, when a real play like Miss Chester passed unnoticed for nine years in America. Miss Chester is a charming play, and a veritable dramatic gem. A large and appreciative audience assembled to witness its production, and were highly pleased. It is one of those delightful plays rarely met with nowadays, almost perfect in construction, and containing a clever and ingenious plot. Osmond Tearle as Rupert scored another of his successes; Gerald Eyre as Fortescus did fairly well, evidently not fully grasping the requirements of the character; Jeffreys Lewis has in Miss Chester a character fully suited to her abilities, and Miss Arden as Isabel did very well. On the whole the play may be considered an undeniably success, and will run all the week. The management are either unwilling or unable to announce anything in the future save Mr. Tearle's benefit, 5th, The Daniehoffs.

Items: W. W. Kelly left Sunday East ward to attend to the advance for the Charlotte Thompson company. Mr. Kelly tells me he will return in ten weeks, and then take Isaac S. Kalloch (our present M. Y. R.) on a lecturing tour in the East. Kelly and Kalloch have signed contracts to that effect. The new comedy-artist, Senator Silverbags, will not be produced at the Bush Street Theatre in September, as expected, and from the utter scarcity of suitable people, it is doubtful if the comedy will be produced here at all this season.—M. A. Kennedy will not personate the Silver Senator, as was announced, and on account of other business arrangements his connection with the comedy has ceased. Your correspondent, who is the proprietor and one of the authors of the play, has not fully determined what he will do with it.—Baron Seeman, the musician, will not appear at the California Theatre, as expected, and the management have no news to divulge concerning the future prospects, etc.—Harry Montague, manager of the Bella Union Theatre, is negotiating for the California, for the purpose of transforming it into a large variety theatre on the plan of Harrigan and Hart's or Tony Pastor's in New York.—Max Fehrmann, the German-American actor in Fred Maeder's Uncle Isaac, will be the next attraction at the Bush Street, opening Sept. 19.—It appears that after all the trouble among the Bianchi-Montaldo Opera company, we are to have a continuation of the opera season. Mme. Inez Fabbri Muller has taken the matter in hand, and announces a season commencing Sept. 12, with Les Huguenots, either at the Grand Opera House or California Theatre.—J. T. Maguire, late one of the managers of the California Theatre, goes from here as the manager of the Charlotte Thompson company for this season; and James J. Ryan, for some time past connected with the California Theatre, joins General Barton's Eviction company as treasurer in about three weeks.

## BALTIMORE.

Holiday Street Theatre (Jno. W. Albaugh, manager): The Old Drury opened its doors on Monday night and despite the heat a large audience was present to witness the performances of B., W., P. & W.'s Minstrels. Some new faces have been added this season, and all the old attractions have been retained. The ten end men in the first part wore maroon satin coats and ochre pants, with crimson fans and cravats, and delicate patent leather pumps. They made a gorgeous appearance. The company is a good one, and made a favorable impression. Next week Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight.

Ford's Opera House (Jno. T. Ford, proprietor): The performance of Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth, as given by John E. Owens and his company this week, was a very excellent one. Mr. Owen's conception of Caleb Plummer is too well known to require remark. The support was good. Charles Vandenhoff played the part of John Perryingle admirably. Dot was charmingly played by Blanche Thompson. It was bright, fresh and lovely. Bertha was well rendered by Frankie McClellan, and May Stembler played Tillie Slowby quite comically. Next week, Rooms for Rent. Sept. 12, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

Monumental Theatre (Ad. Kerman, manager): Harry Miner's Comedy Four combination began a week's engagement on Monday, and the reception accorded them was hearty and enthusiastic. The comedy-farce, Murphy's Dream, closed the performance. Next week, Big Four combination. Front Street Theatre (Dan. A. Kelly, manager): The attendance during the week has been good and the programme quite attractive. It consisted of a variety performance, and was very acceptable to the patrons.

## ST. LOUIS.

Grand Opera House (John W. Norton, manager): This house, which has been completed, was densely packed on Monday evening at its formal opening. A dedicatory address, written by Mayor William L. Ewing, was read, and a poem, written by Thomas E. Garrett, of the *Republican*, entitled The Masque of the Muses, was read by Mrs. Emma Stockman Norton. Joe Emmett then made his appearance in Fritz, and received an uproarious greeting. The company is new, and the importations as a rule, were not interesting. William Carleton is a better low Irish comedian than Richard Hicks, who was billed big on the street posters, while the Misses Harold and Blancké deserve the best places in his company among the ladies. The child Annie Smith is a precocious wonder. The setting was magnificent, and was one of the best features of the piece. At the fall of the curtain after the third act there were loud calls for Manager Norton, and he made very brilliant speech, in which he awarded high praise to Pierre Chouteau, the moneyed backer of the reconstruction, to Architect Cobb, and to Superintendent Carter. During the play Joe Emmett was presented with a handsome bouquet, to which he responded humorously. The entire affair was a bril-

liant and auspicious event. Milton Nobles opens in his new comedy, Interviews, 11th.

Pope's Theatre (Charles Pope, manager): Mr. Pope did not promise to much when he stated that his improved theatre would be one of the loveliest in the country, and the large and brilliant audience that gathered on Aug. 29 were marked and demonstrative in their approval of the changes made by the management. Max Fehrmann was the opening attraction, and he presented a good, literal picture of the Jew in business life, well tinted with comedy, which was well received. His company is very strong. Marita Wren, as a young Jew, presenting a charming appearance and doing splendidly. Fred Warde opens in Hamlet 5th.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): The Hess Acme company did a fine week's business, commencing Aug. 29, alternating in The Mascotte and Olivette. Jean Delmar and L. W. Raymond joined the company here. W. T. Carleton made his last appearance with the company 1st and Mark Smith succeeded him as Pippard and Valentine. He made a great success, his acting and singing being very fine. Snellaker's Majesties 4th.

Uhrig's Cave (John J. Collins, manager): The season closed with one week of Harry Webber, in Nip and Tuck, to light business. The season has, however, been a fine success, some \$12,000 having been cleared.

Items: Fred Warde arrived here Aug. 30, and his company immediately went into rehearsal. His wardrobe is magnificent and his company very strong. Manager Collins is confident of his making a great success.—Joe Emmett has been reconciled to his wife, and she is now with him.

## ALABAMA.

### OPELKA.

Renfro's Opera House (Renfro Bros., managers): The managers have spared no efforts during the off months to renovate this house and make it more comfortable for the approaching season, which is to open with Anthony Ellis and Hathaway's Aggregation on the 21st inst. Hooley Comedy Co., Chas. L. Davis (Alvin Joslin), Oliver Doud Byron, and Furnished Rooms Combination are among those already booked.

## COLORADO.

### DEVERE.

Tabor Opera House (W. H. Bush, manager): The furnishing is being rapidly done, and the house will be ready for occupancy in time for Miss Abbott's engagement on the 6th, except the main entrance. The balance of the building will not be finished for some months. The season tickets are about all sold, the demand exceeding all expectations. If the Sixteenth Street Theatre is to be turned into store rooms, as reported, there will be no opposition to this house.

Sixteenth Street Theatre (Langrishe & Pierce, managers): Haverly's Mastodons after Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng. (at least, the base drum said so), closed a very successful engagement of three nights Aug. 27. My criticista may be out of place, but I failed to appreciate the man with the watermelons. He may have been "immense," but the audience failed to see it. The balance of the company is very good, the music fine, and the dancing perfect. As this is the close of the season at this house, I wish to compliment Messrs. Langrishe and Pierce on the quantity and quality of attractions presented, this being the most brilliant season Denver ever experienced.

Palace Theatre (Edward Chase, proprietor): This place continues to draw people to its doors during the hot weather, the showing being especially good, and under the direction of the Perry Brothers, and the proprietor, Mr. Chase, the best variety attractions are always produced to fine houses.

## LEADVILLE.

Tabor Opera House (F. T. Osgood, manager): Nothing booked at present.

## CONNECTICUT.

### BRIDGEPORT.

Rial's Uncle Tom Aug. 31 to crowded house; a first class entertainment. Callender's Georgia Minstrels 1st to poor business; clever performance.

Items: Harry St. Osmond goes out with the Helen Potter Pleiades as director.—Miss Gladston played the part of Eliza with Rial's Uncle Tommies, in place of Mrs. J. Rial, who was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia.—Anthony and Ellis' Uncle Tommies, who were to have been here the 2d, canceled.—Rice's Cinderella party have canceled.

### HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): The regular season at this house was inaugurated by Haverly's New Mastodon Forty 2d. With occasional old names and faces mingled with the list, Haverly has put together another great party, and they will prove a success. They played to a full house, and gave satisfaction. Col. Robinson's Humpty Dumpty party gave fair performances to good business 5th. Most of the names are new, but as they distribute no house bills it makes no difference. The local press have been berating them very severely; more so, we think, than they deserve. This week opens with After the Opera by Spiller's company 5th. They have some elegant paper on the walls. Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels appear here 9th.

American Theatre (W. S. Ross, manager): This house was opened by the Mabel Wood Novelty company and Nautch dancers, and did a fair business. This theatre will be closed until 19th for renovation.

### NEW HAVEN.

Carl's Opera House (Peter R. Carl, proprietor): Haverly's New Mastodons played to \$903 on 3d. Artistic stage dressing and costuming, musical excellence, refined olio business and ability, are the prominent characteristics of this company. Booked: American Band and Aron Singers 5th; After the Opera 6th and 7th; Jarrett, Palmer and Slaven's Uncle Tom.

New Haven Opera House: Mrs. Everett's Ruth played to a puzzled audience 30th and 31st, puzzled to know which to call it, expose, lecture or drama. Booked: Callender's Georgia Minstrels 6th and 7th; Joe Murphy 9th and 10th.

Peck's Grand Opera House: Will open with Hazel Kirke 23d and 24th.

Item: Coup's Circus gave a very good performance to fair business 2d.

WATERBURY.

Opera House (Jean Jacques, manager): Col. Robinson's Humpty Dumpty company were greeted with a full house Aug. 31. They gave a fair performance 2d. The Minnie in the Slave's Dream to a good house; they deserved a better. Joseph Murphy in Kerry Gow to a good house 5th. Booked: Batcheller and Doris' Circus 7th; Callender's Georgia Minstrels 9th.

Item: Manager Jacques has already booked most of the best attractions for the season.

lant and auspicious event. Milton Nobles opens in his new comedy, Interviews, 11th.

Pope's Theatre (Charles Pope, manager): Mr. Pope did not promise to much when he stated that his improved theatre would be one of the loveliest in the country, and the large and brilliant audience that gathered on Aug. 29 were marked and demonstrative in their approval of the changes made by the management. Max Fehrmann was the opening attraction, and he presented a good, literal picture of the Jew in business life, well tinted with comedy, which was well received.

Items: Fred Warde arrived here Aug. 30, and his company immediately went into rehearsal. His wardrobe is magnificent and his company very strong. Manager Collins is confident of his making a great success.—Joe Emmett has been reconciled to his wife, and she is now with him.

Opera House (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Gulick's Furnished Rooms was on the boards Aug. 30, to a fair house. The play is a very poor three act farce. Tony Pastor occupied the house to its full capacity 31st; the show gave satisfaction. William Horace Lingard made his appearance this season 1st in Stolen Kisses, a distorted version of Baby. The company is an imperfect one, and many left the theatre displeased.

Items: Henrietta Vaders will occupy the Opera House during the reunion.—Mitchell's Pleasure Party in Our Goblins are booked for the 16th.

## ILLINOIS.

### WASHINGTON.

National Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Opens 8th with B., W., P. & W.'s Minstrels for three nights and matinee, to be followed by Jennie Lee as Jo 12th, week.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): Will probably open 12th.

Theatre Comique (Jake Budd, manager): Harry Miner's Consolidated shows in specialty bill, concluding with Murphy's Dream.

Item: R. L. Downing arrived in the city last week from a Baltimore engagement. He will join Mary Anderson's troupe at Troy, N. Y., 16th.

## ILLINOIS.

### BLOOMINGTON.

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## ILLINOIS.

### ELGIN.

Opera House (M. W. Du Bois, manager): Booked: Litta Concert troupe 29th, with the following artists: Mlle. Marie Litta, Hattie McLain, contralto; H. L. Cleveland, tenor; Moutrois Graham, (late of the Strakosch Grand Opera company), baritone; John Skelton, cornetist, and Miss Nellie Bangs, pianist.

### JOLIET.

Opera House (E. S. Barney, manager): Wallace Sisters' Combination gave a very fair entertainment 30th. The attendance was good, notwithstanding the excessive heat. All the Rage, under Manager J. M. Hill, comes 10th, with Laura E. Dainty as leading lad.

Items: Barnum is doing some of the biggest advertising ever seen in Joliet. The New York MIRROR can always be found on sale at W. A. Patterson's News Depot.

## ILLINOIS.

### PEORIA.

Items: Furnished Rooms played to large house Wednesday, 31st.—Haverly's Mastodons played to crowded house 1st.

### QUINCY.

Opera House (Dr. P. A. Marks, manager): The amusement season opened here with the Haverly's Mastodons after Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng. (at least, the base drum said so), closed a very successful engagement of three nights Aug. 27. My criticista may be out of place, but I failed to appreciate the man with the watermelons. He may have been "immense," but the audience failed to see it. The balance of the company is very good, the music fine, and the dancing perfect. As this is the close of the season at this house, I wish to compliment Messrs. Langrishe and Pierce on the quantity and quality of attractions presented, this being the most brilliant season Denver ever experienced.

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## ILLINOIS.

### PEORIA.

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## ILLINOIS.

### BROADWAY.

Broadway Opera House (Terrell and Woods, proprietors): This house is expected to open the last of the month for the season.

## ILLINOIS.

### MAINE.

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### PEORIA.

## THE NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND DRAMATIC PROFESSION OF AMERICA.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR.

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Morris, Clara  
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Matthews, Fanny  
McClay, Steele  
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## The President at Long Branch.

Some of the professionals who discovered and settled Long Branch have lived long enough to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing their favorite resort selected as the most salubrious place in the country and as the seaside Capital of the nation. The malaria which prevails at Washington, and which everybody except the President's doctors perceived long ago, has necessitated the removal of the people's patient. No attempt has been made to disguise the fact that this removal is an heroic measure. All the doctors agreed that the President would certainly die if he were kept at the White House. All but one agreed that he had a chance of life if removed to Long Branch. The risks of the journey were terrible, but the certainty of death at Washington outweighed them all.

We heartily hope that the sea breezes of Long Branch may bring back strength to the President's wasted frame, and that the pure ozone may expel all malarious poison from his blood, so that in a few days there may be no reasonable doubt of his speedy recovery. On the other hand, it is well to be prepared for the worst; for the excitement of the journey may react upon the weakened President and lead to a fatal sinking of the vital powers. All classes of people watch the varying symptoms of the case with deep anxiety, and fervent prayers are offered hourly for the President's recovery. It is probable that the Governors of the States will shortly arrange for a day of general fasting and prayer should the President survive for another week.

Upon no class of people, outside of the family circle of the President, has his long illness weighed so heavily as upon the professionals. Our managers are now conducting their business under a heavy cloud. Not the hot, sultry, dog-day weather—not even the advent of a mammoth circus—is so disastrous to them as the uncertainty about the President. They are compelled to arrange their business from day to day, not being able to tell what a day may bring forth, and what night they may have to close in deference to public sentiment and their own patriotic feelings. Another thing which adds to the confusion and distress of the people is, that the country is now without a constitutional government. The President is disabled; the Vice-President has not been summoned to fulfil his duties; there is no government, except that of the Cabinet, which is irresponsible and extra-constitutional, and was not elected by the people. We trust that this matter may be promptly remedied, whether or not the uncertainty about the President is soon to be happily at an end.

## Kicked Out At Last.



BOUNCED.

This week there has been a buzzing among the profession, culminating in the rumor, now at length verified by legal proceedings, that the wickedest man in the world, the pariah of the press, has been bounced by the other members of the gang, and has no longer any connection whatever with their papers. We are glad to hear this upon general principles, and because it is a good thing to rid the profession of even one leech, scoundrel and blackmailer. When rogues fall out, honest men sometimes get their dues; and we hope that it may be so in the case of the gang. Our only interest in the matter has been that of the profession. In the first number of THE MIRROR, we declared incessant war upon the wretches who were prostituting the press and the profession to their own vile personal profits and, of course, it is a cause for hearty congratulation that THE MIRROR has again gained another notable victory, and that the purpose which we have held steadily in view has been successfully accomplished.

From the outset, THE MIRROR has been in a position which feared no competition and dreaded no rivalry. We have always been ready to take by the hand, to assist and encourage all other decent and reputable dramatic papers. Now, firmly established as the organ of the profession, we are prompt as ever to see and appreciate all honest efforts to make the profession more honorable and more popular. We have always sternly refused to accept or continue

any personal quarrels. Our mission has been, first, to represent the profession and elevate both its character and its reputation, and, second, to reform out of existence the gang who have only used the profession to abuse, scandalize and blackmail it. That we have accomplished the first part of this mission the unanimous approval and endorsement of the public and the profession fully certify. That we have not neglected the second part of it, this breaking up of the gang, is ample proof.

As for the fellow who has done most of the mischief, and who now finds himself kicked out by the associates whose dirtiest work he has so long performed with filthy hands, he deserves no pity, no consideration—nothing but contempt and ignominy. For years he has been dodging the legal punishments of a libeller, a perjurer and a thief, and we believe that he will yet receive his deserts at the expense of this or some other State. His whole career has been one of constant crime. Meant than all other criminals, he has foully dishonored his wife in his own paper, and has left the mother who bore him to starve. His face has long borne the brand of Cain. Those with eyes shrewd enough to look through the clothes he wore, and for which the poor and more cowardly portion of the profession paid, could distinguish upon his malformed limbs the stripes of the convict's uniform. As a sot to Cerberus, offered to secure their own immunity, the rest of the gang are now ready to turn State's evidence against him and deliver him up to justice. But, "after the servant the masters." They must all eventually walk the same road. It has been only a question of time in his case, and so it will be in their cases. He will "peach" upon them now, as they have turned upon him.

We desire to acknowledge publicly the valuable assistance and co-operation of W. F. G. Shanks, of the Tribune, in our crusade in favor of decency and against the gang. To his persistent energy, cool determination and splendid abilities, much of the result which has been accomplished is certainly due. Mr. Shanks is the author of several plays; but he is known rather as a brilliant journalist rather than in his personal relations with the profession. The gang went out of their way to attack him, and that was a fatal mistake. He has tracked them down through all their tricks and doubles; he has followed them untiringly from court to court; he has patiently exposed and refuted their lies and libels, and now he has his reward in their utter demoralization and mutual recrimination. THE MIRROR, glad to welcome such an ally, is proud to bestow upon him the high praise that all reputable professionals will be happy to join us in such an acknowledgment of his invaluable services, and that a general subscription to present to Mr. Shanks a solid and enduring memorial of this triumph of right and respectability over vice and crime may be opened as soon as he shall signify his consent to receive such a mark of appreciation from the dramatic world. The first one hundred dollars for this purpose is ready at our office, and our columns will be thrown open to all subscriptions.

## Personal.



BISHOP.—The rotund features of the obese C. B. Bishop are easily distinguished in the above drawing. As the verbose Widow Bedott, he has amused thousands, and he proposes to continue "in the good work" indefinitely.

CAZARAN.—Where have Cazaran's wits gone? We looked in vain for them at the Academy Saturday evening.

BIG.—Three members of Fanny Davenport's company—Barton Hill, Charles Fisher and George Darrell—combined receive the nice fat sum of \$450 per week.

MULDEN.—Louise Mulden writes us she has been engaged to play leading business with Rossi. Miss Mulden is a very admirable actress in certain parts.

GUNTER.—Archie Gunter came to town Monday flushed with brown bread and intoxicated with baked beans. He says that after the Opera made a great success, but the hot weather and the President's critical position knocked business endwise.

BIRCH.—We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Birch, which interesting anniversary will take place at their residence September 28.

WALLACK.—Lester Wallack is allowing his hair to grow out grey. It is very streaky just now, but he will look like a veritable patriarch by the time his new theatre is completed.

EDWARDS.—Harry Edwards, hale and hearty, recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday. Mr. Edwards is busy filling time for the Wallack company prior to the opening of the new theatre.

HALL.—Thomas Hall, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Philadelphia, is at the Morton House. He has engaged John Gilbert and Stella Bonface for the stock. They will play until Wallack's new theatre is ready for opening.

LEE.—We present on the first page of today's MIRROR a well executed likeness of Miss Jennie Lee. Few will recognize in the stylish picture the little waif that is drawing buckets of tears from the eyes of the audiences at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre.

DAUPONTAINE.—Felix Daupontaine makes sad bungling with the dramatic notes of Bennett's Herald. Sunday he announced Barton Hill as one of Mary Anderson's company. Everybody but the fatuous Daupontaine knows Hill goes with Fanny Davenport.

RAPID.—Work on Wallack's Theatre is progressing very fast. The walls are half way up, and the day workmen are relieved by a night force, which works by electric light. The blasting is finished and the excavations are done. The contractors say that the theatre will positively be ready for opening December 1.

## Box-Office Politeness.

As the world knows, politeness is an attractive quality, and goes a long way in distinguishing the gentleman. In no other place is its absence more sensibly felt than in the box-office of a theatre, and too often are managers governed through influence in the selection of people to fill positions where civility, next to competency, should be the reigning characteristic. The box office, in addition to being a place for the sale of tickets, is also a bureau of information, so to speak, and its occupant should be the most well-mannered of men. A brusque and uncivil ticket seller will sometimes do more to injure the patronage of a reputable theatre than a bad star or an inferior attraction. We have often heard of instances where people have indignantly left the theatre on account of the cavalier treatment received at the hands of the box-office occupant, and that, too, while in the act of securing seats. In many instances these ticket-sellers are young men, who, transferred from the dry-goods counter, or the hat store, or the grocery, where they were eking out a sort of existence at from eight to fifteen dollars per week, have suddenly jumped into unexpected prominence on a stool in the theatrical box office, and becoming inflated with their consequence, assume all the importance of the managers themselves, and oftentimes one has to be particularly gracious in order to get the slightest information from them.

In New York this is not so much the case as in other cities, yet there is room for improvement even here. Gentlemen in every sense of the word—men of education, refinement, and cultivated manners—should be placed in these positions; persons, besides, with an equanimity of temper, who can be asked questions, and answer them without showing by their manner that they want to get rid of the information seeker. Hundreds of questions are daily propounded to the box office clerk (and people seldom ask questions unless they want answers), and sometimes his patience is sorely tried; yet he is there for that purpose, in connection with his other duties, and his civility is as much an essential in popularizing the establishment as the attractions offered the public. In a recent conversation, John Stetson hits the nail right on the head in referring to this important official. He says: "He's there to be seen and talked to. One of the duties of a decent ticket-seller is to answer whatever questions may be asked by patrons. There seems to be an idea in New York that the man who sells tickets is of a good deal more importance than the one who runs the theatre. He is generally a curt, and what we Yankees would call a 'sassy' individual. I won't have anything of that kind around my theatre. If I kept a store I should not expect my clerks to be insolent to my patrons. There is no reason why a theatre should not be similarly conducted, and you may depend that any man whose temper gets the best of him in my box office will receive his walking papers on short notice."

With regard to the plan, I remain.

is composed, and the irresponsibility and incompetency of the people who have organized them, in the vague hope that the near future will embalm their names upon the grand managerial escutcheon and waft them to fame and glory. But the subject bearing most particularly upon the early disintegration of these combinations, as well as upon many possessing merit and entitled to public confidence, is the employment at scarcely living salaries of fledgling agents—men who have no idea of the necessities of a company—with no education, no conversational powers, no method, system, or even knowledge of how to put up a three sheet poster—their only redeeming points in many instances being an aptitude in convincing managers that they do know it all, and in presenting a tolerably prepossessing personal appearance.

These parasites—who are too lazy to work at a legitimate calling, and too indolent and unambitious to improve their minds—flock about the Square buttonholing managers, offering their services at mere living figures, and expiate upon their own merits so irresistibly that they secure positions over the more experienced agents who have followed the business for years, understand the country thoroughly, and to whom many of the successful stars and attractions owe their present position. This state of things is likely to continue as long as every Tom, Dick and Harry who has a few thousand dollars to invest is overcome by the blandishments of some "beautiful and accomplished leading lady," or some "talented and irresistibly charming soubrette," or some "novel entertaining and money-making dramatic attraction," or while more reputable managers employ such people on the score of economy.

A well-known manager approached an equally well known agent last week, and asked him what he would go ahead of his company for this season. "Seventy-five dollars and expenses," he replied. "Great heavens! do you want to break me? Why, I can get an agent for twenty-five dollars!" "You may get something that looks like an agent, but you can't get an agent!" And he was doubtless right, although a little extravagant in his own figure. Another manager, well-to-do, and with a reigning attraction, offered another capable agent twenty dollars per week. When it is considered that the success or failure of a company in many instances is measurably dependant upon the exertions of "the man ahead," and that if the attraction is only mediocre he can either make or ruin it, and that the bulk of the work in any case falls upon his shoulders, such an offer by a manager is not only unjust, but insulting to the abilities of a first class agent. We are glad to know there are but few substantial and reputable managers who would offer such a figure.

This season there will be more incompetent men upon the road attempting to pilot companies than were ever before known the inevitable result of which will be the speedy dismemberment and return of probably ten per cent. of the combinations that have gone out with such glowing (?) prospects. A little experience will open the eyes of these new managers, and some of the old ones, to the fact that ex clerks and ex ushers, even at limited salaries, are the most expensive toys in the market.

## Letters to the Editor.

Will you hear this letter with attention? As we would hear an oracle.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

THE MIRROR MEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Sept. 4, 1881.

MR. HARRISON GREY FISKE:

DEAR SIR:—I have a proposition to submit to the representatives of this paper through out the country.

I suggest that next Summer all the correspondents of THE MIRROR assemble in New York and organize themselves into what may be called THE MIRROR Men's National League. The organization to be purely a social one, and to have its reunions annually at some prominent Summer resort.

I further suggest that the annual dues, which should be about \$5 per capita, be appropriated half for the expenses of the association and half for the foundation of an Actor's Fund, to be placed in the hands of the editor of THE MIRROR to be invested properly.

I would be pleased to have my fellow correspondents consider my proposition, and let me hear from them by letter, making such suggestions as they may see fit. If I find that the plan meets with encouragement, I shall take the liberty to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the association, and shall hope to have the views of all in relation thereto.

With best regards, and hoping that you will lend your personal and editorial assistance to the plan, I remain,

Sincerely,

K. A. OLDHAM.

Correspondent N. Y. MIRROR  
at Wilmington, N. C.

## Telegrams.

TORONTO, Sept. 6, '81.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:  
Deacon Crankett an immense success. O'Neil perfection as George Thatcher. McGinley and Buckley immense.

J. M. HILL.

DANVILLE, Va., Sept. 6.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

Fay Templeton Star Opera company met with most enthusiastic reception at Richmond, Va. The greatest of the MacCotties and good luck are synonymous. Route: Atlanta, 9, 12, 13; Rome, Ga., 14, 15; Chattanooga, 19, 20; Nashville, 21, 22; Indianapolis, 24; Milwaukee, week 25; St. Louis, week Oct. 9.

JOHN TEMPLETON.

The New York Mirror has the largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Know all sources THE MIRROR is in receipt of daily letters announcing the encouraging opening of the season, and managers write us that their business prospects were never more flattering. Considering the multiplicity of attractions on the road, this is indeed cheering.

## The Usher.



Here is a good sell got off by Howard Paul on a group of newly-imported English girls who were standing on the stage of Haverly's Theatre. The curtain was down, and they were looking through a hole at the audience between the acts. All at once Howard Paul started violently and exclaimed, "By Jove, there he is—"

"Who, who?" enquired the British maidens.

"Do you see that venerable old gentleman with the long white hair—there on the prompt side—observe how aged and bent he is. That's the great American patriot."

"Yes, we see him; but who is he?"

"Don't you recognize him from the pictures everywhere?"

"No; we've only been a week in America and don't know any of the great men."

"Well, look again, for he is a gigantic historical character. That's General Washington."

"Oh! I've heard of him," said one.

"I fancied I'd read of his death," said another.

"He's a lovely old gentleman. How well he carries his age," exclaimed a third.

And H. P. retired to the green room and resumed his argument with a friend, the subject being that the English as a nation are not closely posted in the details of American history. The illustration was deemed conclusive. That group of English girls finding when they had gazed upon General Washington, and unless they are undeceived, will carry back that information to their native land.

\* \* \*

Securing a copy of the Glasgow *Evening News* yesterday, I came across this paragraph: "The most utter exhibition of literary impudence I ever heard of is to be seen in last Saturday's *Society*. That ingenuous journal says: 'The Lancashire *Figaro* is an unmitigated thief. Nothing else but that. If I were living in Manchester I should expect some day to have the clothes stripped off my back as I walked down Oxford street, Cotonopolis, or to find myself tomahawked and scalped. That might as well happen to one as to have what lies under his scalp, be it brains or sawdust stuffing, ruthlessly stolen. Talk of body-snatching. Then it gives five paragraphs which it alleges the Lancashire *Figaro* stole or adapted from it. Now, all these are very good paragraphs, but every one of them primarily appeared over the signature of the Giddy Gushee in the *New York MIRROR*. I shall send the 'Habitus' of *Society* a copy of that witty journal when his scalping takes place there, if Mr. Fiske does not himself undertake the task."

\* \* \*

Did you hear a few straggling calls for "author" Saturday night at the Academy? Of course there was no author there, but the isolated cries meant Cazauran, "Esq." Then did you see a stooping little man, whose crimson face scarcely showed over the rail, come to the front of a proscenium box, and bow to a silent audience? Certainly you did not, because there were not more than half a dozen people in the house who did. One of these, who sat behind me, said, "What's the matter with that dried-up little object scraping in the box? Is he crazy?" To which no satisfactory reply was volunteered by anybody who overheard.

## Gone-Up.

"It is dead and nearly buried," remarked Harry M. Pitt to a *MIRROR* reporter, "and parties who have once praised the production to the skies are now remarkably silent."

"I presume you allude to Ruth Everett's play of Ruth, an American Wife?"

"The same, my boy. Sit down, and I will tell you about it. Mrs. Everett applied to me some time ago by letter, asking if I would act as her New York agent in organizing a company for the purpose of producing her play. After a time I consented, and engaged David M. Murray, W. H. Hurley, Randolph Murray, M. J. Gallagher, J. F. Ryan, J. Humphries, Sarah Goldberg, Ethel Guernsey, Mrs. Frank A. Taunheill, as the company, and G. L. Pendleton and J. H. Magee as acting manager and advance agent. On August 1 the company assembled for rehearsals, and on the 18th we opened the season in Newark, N. J., going from thence to Brooklyn, and then to New Haven. The first information I received in regard to the company was a dispatch, stating that they had disbanded at New Haven. It seems that Mrs. Everett, whom I had

reason to believe was perfectly responsible, had not paid the company salaries for the first week's performances. From a gentleman of the combination I learned that Mrs. Everett borrowed five dollars at New Haven from him for the purpose of coming to this city, where she claimed to be able to raise sufficient money to pay her liabilities and to continue their tour. The company waited at New Haven some time, and finally a telegram was received from Mrs. Everett in New York, stating that she would send \$120 for the purpose of defraying hotel and railroad expenses, but in no way alluding to the salary arrearage. As this did not satisfy the company, they disbanded, not, however, until the proprietor of the Austin House at New Haven had attached their personal baggage and all of the scenery and theatrical wardrobe of Mrs. Everett. The contract with the company is for a season of thirty weeks, and it is their intention to institute legal proceedings against Mrs. Everett, in hopes of forcing her to a settlement. The facts of the case are in the hands of a lawyer, who is pressing the matter in the company's interest. The case will be tried in a few days, and it is expected that Mrs. Everett will be compelled to settle."

Mrs. Ruth Everett made a statement to the reporter which is substantially the same as that given by Mr. Pitt. She said that she came to New York for money, and had the company not disbanded would have paid all her debts in full, but as they went no further than New Haven, she did not propose to pay them for their services, as she considered that the company broke the contract by leaving New Haven when engaged for a season of thirty weeks. In case the members of the combination appeal to the courts, she should place her case in her lawyer's hands for adjustment.

## A Fool's Errand.

Jamestown, N. Y., is a pretty little village situated at the head of Chautauqua Lake. It is the home of many distinguished men, whose names have become household words through political dealings. Both for political and dramatic purposes did a *MIRROR* reporter call upon Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author, who has achieved such wonderful success with his national novels. Within the past few months Judge Tourgee, as our readers know, has branched into the perilous yet fascinating field of dramatic writing, and has commenced collaborating a play with Steele Mackaye.

Upon the top of a steep hill stands a large frame house with one wing extending into the air, like a stately tower. A profusion of flower beds dot the smooth green lawn, while numberless trees throw their shade upon the sun heated earth. As the *MIRROR* reporter stepped upon the veranda the door was suddenly opened by a man whose air of authority showed him to be the master of the house. In a quick, decisive manner the gentleman spoke: "Well, sir, what do you wish?"

The *MIRROR* reporter explained the purpose of his visit, and was invited to enter the house. The Judge led the way to a handsome library, from the windows of which could be seen the sparkling waters of the lake gleaming under the rays of the August sun.

"I understand that you are engaged in writing a play?" said the reporter.

"I am not," was the reply; "but I am writing a portion of a play. Steele Mackaye is my co-laborer in the vineyard, and we are both working out of the woods rapidly."

"Have you named your play yet?"

"I never name a child before it's born," laughingly answered the Judge. "Again, I could not name it if I wished to. It is today totally unlike the play of yesterday, and to-morrow may be torn apart again. Should a new idea strike us it is inserted, if the play has to be rebuilt to attain our object."

"It is your first effort?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, it is our first child, and I hope it will be a lusty one. I am 'one of the fools,' so I have started on A Fool's Errand."

"Do you like your colleague?"

"Very much. It is only necessary to hint to Mackaye an idea and he accomplishes it. Of all my fellow-laborers in the field of literature, I like Mackaye best."

"Have you any books in course of publication?"

"Yes. One will be ready by August 30. But it's like the play—a nameless article."

"When will your play be produced?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. I leave such details to Manager Mackaye. But I must beg you to excuse me, as I have an engagement down town. Make yourself comfortable until I return, when we will have a longer talk upon political subjects."

Reportorial work could not be neglected, and so the *MIRROR* man was unable to accept the invitation. Upon hearing his reluctant refusal, the Judge said:

"I am truly sorry. If you ever visit the town again call on me at my home. It is called Walheim, meaning 'A Fool's Errand.' The *MIRROR* reporter can always expect a cheerful greeting from 'one of the fools.'

## Handsome Dresses.

Lillian Cleven has a magnificent wardrobe prepared for her character in Only a Farmer's Daughter. A Worth dress of salmon and cel blue satin, a court train, front cov-

ered with pearl lace and garniture of tea roses and blue flowers. Another is of black velvet, a court train, heavily trimmed with jet passementerie. A long cloak of the same, lined with canary colored satin; black lace hat. Another costume, a crimson velvet and satin carriage dress, long cape lined with satin, corsage crimson, velvet hat, shaded feathers. An elegant costume, all in black, of jetted lace over an underskirt of French lace, ruffled over black satin; a court train of jetted lace and ruffles, elbow sleeves of samite, tucks of plain black lace. Another is a brocade dinner dress of large tea colored roses on a delicate tea colored ground; court train, finished with pleatings of the brocade and gold satin, the latter matching the front of plain gold satin, caught here and there with loops of satin and iridescent beads; basque, trimmed with point lace and iridescent beads. The ball dress is of white satin, hand painted in roses exquisitely; a white satin petticoat covered with lace ruffles adorned with white satin loops; the dress is lined with pale pink satin, corsage pointed back and front, and adorned with lace. A very stylish street co-*ûteau* is of shaded brown and old gold satin; front of skirt shirred and puffed; on one side two plastrons of white silk embroidery, a *fanlique*, draped black. The basque is entirely covered with the white silk embroidery.

Mr. Lanouette has just completed several magnificent costumes for two or three of our leading tragediennes. Among others are three dresses for Juha in *The Hunchback*. The wedding dress is of white plush, brocaded satin, plain white satin front, ornamented with silver and pearl stars; sides panelled with ropes of pearls and silver ornaments; pointed ruff to the corsage of silver and pearls; hanging sleeves of silver threads. The second dress is of pink buff satin, court train, waist pointed, the entire front heavily embroidered in gold and silver; corsage to match; garniture of *point de Venise*. The third dress is of cream colored brocade, train cut in deep points, filled in with ruffles of cream-colored satin, edged with silver; front of beaded silver and pearls; Venetian sleeves. For three dresses for Romeo and Juliet, the first is of cream-colored Sicilienne, over an entire skirt of white satin, embroidered in silver, open on the side; corsage in Venetian style; tight-fitting sleeves, embroidered like the skirt; long hanging angel sleeves of Sicilienne, edged with silver; belt and pocket to match. The second dress is a magnificent hand painted costume: long train, gold grenadine over dress, cuires of gold and silver bullion, edged with gold and silver balls; painted pocket to match; long hanging sleeves of gold and silver spangles; a rope of gold balls around the bodice. Third dress of white *crepe de chine* and white satin, caught up with ornaments of gold and pearl. Another costume is a garnet velvet princess plastron in front of turquoise blue satin, heavily embroidered in gold and emeralds, long hanging sleeves of velvet, lined with embroidered satin; high pointed ruff. Another costume was of black cloth, a long skirt looped over heliotrope satin, studded with steel and jet, tight-fitting corsage and sleeves. There were also half a dozen Greek costumes of cachemere, gold cloth, and striped grenadines.

An elegant costume for The Lady of Lyons must not be forgotten, of yellow satin, brocaded with lavender plush flowers made over a plain yellow satin skirt, embroidered in crystals. Also the wedding dress, of plain white satin, looped over a skirt of white velvet brocade.

Alecia Robeson has also received from Lanouette two costumes for Viola in *Twelfth Night*. A Page dress of plain grey cachemire, entirely embroidered in black braid, Grecian style. The second dress is of yellow satin sleeves and vest, embroidered in silver, a bodice of striped Egyptian goods of white and yellow; an over garment of white satin, entirely embroidered in silver in Egyptian style. An Egyptian sash, with long silver fringe; little round cap, satin embroidered in silver; white silk tights, with coat of arms embroidered on the left; light yellow sandals complete a costume which is decidedly unique.

## A Talk with George Knight.

This week Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, recently returned from Europe, are playing in Baltimore to large business. Meeting Mr. Knight on the Square last week, we scolded him on the theatrical affairs in England.

"Understand Baron Rudolph made quite a hit over there."

"Yes; we only played it in Hull for a week—a little jaunt, as it were—and it took immensely. We drew big houses, and the critics were exceedingly complimentary."

"Will the Baron be your piece for the season?"

"Don't expect to play anything else. I'm completely wrapped up in it, and I deem it one of the strongest and prettiest plays of to day."

"What do you think of the English theatres?"

"In many respects they are superior to ours. Their stage facilities are more perfect, but their auditoriums do not equal ours. The pit being where we have our orchestra circles, where the *canaille* go, makes it unpleasant for we Americans, and I should think it would be to any refined dress circle. Otherwise I like the English theatres."

"What performance did you enjoy the most?"

"The Saxe-Meiningen company. I never saw anything like it. The supers are all capable actors, and even the little girls play with astonishing precocity. The performance seems to go by machinery, so perfect is it. We ought to have some of the German drill-masters over here."

"What do you think of the English actors?"

"There are some very good ones, but as a general thing the companies are inferior to ours. An organization like the Union Square would astonish them, I think."

"The people, climate, etc."

"I like the people. They treated me well, but the climate, although it kept me depressed all the while, did Mrs. Knight a vast amount of good. I was glad to get away on account of my own health, which was not very good over there."

"Do you think of returning?"

"I may next season, as I have made partial arrangements to produce Baron Rudolph in London."

"Travel much?"

"Not a great deal. Went to Paris, where I had some magnificent costumes made for Mrs. Knight, which she will wear in Baron Rudolph. They are simply magnificent."

## Limelight Photographs.

There is an honorable saying, "The king can do no wrong," which finds a contemporaneous illustration in the dealings of the chief factors of the London press with the achievements of favorite actors and actresses. It is rare, indeed, that any of the stars of the stage are treated, otherwise than with extreme leniency, not to say positive adulation. When they fail, as they sometimes do, and to find out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, one is forced to rely upon such piquant and candid publications as the *Refugee*, which comes out on Sunday, to undo the white lies of the daily press, or to anticipate the flattering tales of the morrow. The purpose of the present impressions, reflections and deductions is to hold the camera up to nature; and, although I may promise to smooth over some inartistic freckles, I cannot agree to make out even the members of the fair sex beautiful forever, perfect, without a flaw. The first act to put a little powder on, smooth her hair, and be posed before the instrument, is

MRS. KENDAL.

once known as Madge Robertson.

Mrs. Kendal is essentially an English actress, and certainly one of the greatest favorites of the London public. "Born on the stage"—or, at least, christened before the footlights—Madge Robertson had her art well at her fingers' ends by the time she was led to the altar by W. H. Kendal one day in Manchester, a sufficient number of years ago to permit her to be at the present moment the mother of a large and increasing family; it may even be said that she is frequently inclined to lavish her excessive stock of small theatrical accomplishments upon her audiences—not always tempering their use with discretion. This was recently shown in the comedietta of *My Uncle's Will*, where she indulged in such gratuitous affectations as fanning her extended fingers to divest them of all remains of contact with the obnoxious *carte de visite*. In these days of an inadequate quantity of small acts on the part of our actresses it would be almost ungrateful to complain of such exuberance were it not for the fact that in some other roles Mrs. Kendal holds her powers well in check and never passes the golden mean. Personally, as artistically, she is in the zenith of her powers; her enemies, if she has any, might say that she is over plump, but this would be as untrue—or, at least, as inexact—as the counter statement of her partisans that she can still fully realize the character of a young girl such as the heroine of *Good Fortune* (Mr. Coghlan's recent adaptation of *Le Romant un Jeune Homme Pauvre*), Dora in *Diplomacy*. A matter of fact, Mrs. Kendal is still youthful enough to portray most of the roles that fall to the lot of leading lady, but at young, unmarried women it is perhaps time to draw the line. She is, happily, not gross—least of all in her personality, which is frank, open and essentially chaste; but there is a stage when buxom matrons are more easily depicted than the "fresh, ungathered flowers" of girlhood. Mrs. Kendal is tall enough to carry her weight; her shapely waist is shadowed by a full bust. The face is pleasant and engaging, extremely mobile and sympathetic. The eyes are clear, and, I should judge, gray, the brow broad and low, the teeth white and regular. A slight limp is the reverse of a defect. Mrs. Kendal's hair is a light brown, and she usually wears it brought smoothly and tightly down from the parting in the centre, and gathered in a small knot at the back of a shapely head. She looks perhaps best when most simply dressed, and never better than in the first act of *The Money Spinner*, where a simple light green robe defines the curves of a figure which does not seem too gen-

erous. Mrs. Kendal requires, in the opinion of good judges, strong dramatic situations to show her at her best. When she can get out of herself, and forget who she is, she is far more admirable than in the surface acting of light comedy. Indeed, in the great episode of *Coralie*, where the wretched woman re-

veals her infamy to her son, she could not be better. Here she scarcely speaks, but her pantomime is inexpressibly effective. The same thing may be said of her treatment of the latter part of the second act of *The Money Spinner*, and her skill in working up a climax, her possession of strong emotional qualities were never more fully shown than in the confession of the agonized heroine of the same piece who has cheated at cards to save her husband from ruin. How superb Mrs. Kendal was in this piece was fully seen when a young lady who is accounted a very pleasing juvenile actress attempted to replace her. On the other hand, her heroine of *Good Fortune* was altogether and to many people her excessive self-consciousness in *My Uncle's Will* is simply irritating. I am told that one plausible reason to account for her affectations as Anne Carew in *Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, is that the role was included in her repertoire at a period in her career when she was stilted and stagey, and that she has been unable to divest herself of the old associations. However this may be, it is certain that it is a little puzzling to see an actress who is so natural and unaffected as Susan in Mr. Will's version of *Black-Eyed Susan* so spontaneous, delicate, and eloquent as the heroine of *The Ladies' Battle*, apparently the most affected of actresses in certain other roles.

The rehearsals at the St. James' Theatre were extremely long and careful, and one scene—even one speech—is sometimes gone over again and again. The *comedy* in *The Money Spinner*, where *cartes de visite* were rehearsed for hours, the artistes reciting every move of the game, and yet they were rewarded by a suggestion from Mr. Lichon, in the column of *Truth*, that they should learn how to play it which goes to prove that if actors are not always infallible, neither are critics. Mrs. Kendal is a woman of spirit, and her outbursts of temper sometimes impart variety to rehearsals; these ebullitions are, however, mainly directed against Willie, her better half, whose good-nature is proof against them. He only laughs at fail from generous reminders of the fact—made in public—that if she had not married him his position would have been quite different. Mrs. Kendal is more the less a devoted wife and mother; she is accustomed to impart to her friends her opinion that had she remained unmarried, her professional position at this moment would have been as even more exalted one, but she attends to all the duties of her household with the same conscientiousness which she brings to her work as an actress. Her residence is in Harley street, Cavendish Square, and there she is known as Mrs. Grimston, Kendal being a nom de theatre. This lady's social position is well and unique among actresses—certainly it finds no duplicates in England. She has been introduced to the Princess of Wales, and is accustomed to meet H. R. H., the Marchioness of Lorne and other members of the royal family, almost everyone of whom either called in person or sent to make inquiries at her residence during the illness that followed an accident to a cab in which she was driving last winter. The conscientiousness of her own rectitude, and the fact of being received by "the very best society," inclines to make her rather severe upon the pretensions to social distinctions of frail sisters who have returned and "become respectable." On one occasion she was irritated beyond endurance by the boasts of one of these persons who has of late years posed for the favors of not only the husbands, but the wives, sisters, and daughters of the high monde. "Willie," said Mrs. K., calmly looking over her rival's head, "do you remember that speech in the comedy beginning, 'I know thee for a wanton?'"

## PROVINCIAL.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

## NEWARK.

Grand Opera House: Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty 1st, Jay Rial's Uncle Tom 2d, both to large houses.

Park Theatre: Minnie Palmer in My Sweetheart 3d. The piece is of the conversational variety type, with much song and dance business. It seemed to please a certain class. Joe Jefferson gives a matinee performance of The Rivals 10th.

Item: Harry Bragan, late tenor of the Hess Opera Troupe, has returned from the watering places with Fairlamb's new operetta of Love's Stratagem. He reports an artistic and financial success. The company will go on the road early in next month under the management of C. H. Bishop.

## TRENTON.

Taylor's Opera House (John Taylor, manager): This house was opened Aug. 29 by George Thatcher's Minstrels to a large house. Nick Roberts' U. S. Minstrels 1st to fair house. The company gave good satisfaction. Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin 2d to crowded house, and gave a fine performance of this well-known play. Coming: Joe Jefferson 10th, Galley Slave 13th, Fairfax 14th, Haverly's Widow Bedott 16th.

## NEW YORK.

## ALBANY.

Tweddle Opera House (William Appleton, manager): Brooks, Dickson & Clapham's Minstrels came Aug. 29 and 30. A good-sized audience the opening night, but business fell off the second, which was undoubtedly due to the queen and ancient show presented. There were few redeeming points to the whole affair, and unless the company is strengthened and new features added I predict that its career will be a brief and inglorious one. Booked: Jefferson, in The Rivals, 5th and 6th; Hyde and Behman, in The Picnic, 7th and 8th; Miner and Rooney's combination, 9th; Frank Frayne, 12th and 13th; 100 Hundred Wives company, 14th, 16th, 17th; Jollities, 21st, 22d; After the Opera 26th, 27th, 28th; Stevens' Uncle Tom party, Oct. 1.

Music Hall (George E. Oliver, manager): This house, formerly known as Martin Opera House, will be thrown open for inspection to the public Saturday evening, on which occasion Austin's Band will give a concert. The regular season will be opened by Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels 13th and 14th.

Leland Opera House (Mrs. Charles E. Leland, manageress): The improvements are rapidly approaching completion, and the opening will take place about the 15th with The World as the attraction.

Novelty Theatre (Fred Leavitt, manager): This cosy little vaudeville theatre has been considerably enlarged during the past week, and the remunerative business done the past season should encourage the manager to brighten up the auditorium, as it is beginning to look decidedly dingy. Two trained dogs, assisted by the Leonzo Bros., appeared in Revenge during the past week to an average good attendance. The olio included several rather clever artists, and the show appeared to give satisfaction. Maude Forrester, in Mazeppa, is announced for coming week.

Items: Lawrence Eddinger leaves for New York to-night to join the 100 Wives party. Frank Hardie has reconsidered, and will not go with Cal Wagner, preferring Rice's Opera company.

## BATAVIA.

Opera House (H. C. Ferron, manager): Mr. and Mrs. William Courtney, assisted by several professional people, gave a concert 1st. Booked: Charles L. Davis in Alvin Joslin 12th.

Items: The following people arrived here Aug. 20, and took part in the Courtney concert: Hattie Louise Simms (of Denver, Col.), Edward Connell (late of the Comley-Hartson troupe), Albert Greenhalgh (of New York), and B. G. Jarvis (of Utica).—J. H. Riley left for New York 2d, in order to attend rehearsals of Patience, shortly to be produced at the Standard Theatre.—Hi Henry has purchased a long tract of land near Gowanda, N. Y.—J. M. Hyde, agent of Alvin Joslin Comedy company, was here 3d.

## ELMIRA.

Opera House (William E. Bardwell, manager): Dennis Thompson played Joshua Whitcomb 5th, to good house. Booked: The Banker's Daughter, 8th; Haverly's Mastodons, 12th.

## OWEGO.

A. E. Barnes was in town last week, and handsomely filled Abercrombie's Uncle Tom's Cabin company for the 12th; University Singers of New Orleans for the 13th.

## OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (W. B. Phelps, manager): George Clarke and company in the Connie Soogah gave satisfaction to a good house Aug. 31; Mower and Simmons' Uncle Tom's Cabin drew a fine house 1st; Stevens' Uncle Tom's Cabin followed 7th; J. M. Hill's Deacon Crankett 9th; Pat Rooney 13th; Baker and Farron 15th.

## POUGHKEEPSIE.

Collingwood Opera House (E. B. Sweet, manager): Holman's English Opera company billed to appear here Aug. 29, failed to appear; One Hundred Wives 12th.

## ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music (Arthur Leutichford, manager): Cal Wagner's Minstrels drew a light house Aug. 29, and of the performance the least said the better. The Fifth Avenue company presented Needles and Pins Aug. 30 and 31, and did a fair business. The piece is very trashy, although the company is fair. The Connie Soogah company, with George Clark and Jennie Yeaman, appeared to well pleased audiences 1st, 3d and 4d. Mr. Clark is a comedian of merit, and his personation of the character was excellent. J. F. Hagan showed careful study of the past of Jeffrey Trickett, and gave us a bit of first-class acting. Jennie Yeaman, in the character of Nelly Nolan, proved herself to be a charming soubrette, her singing and dancing gaining unstinted applause. Booked: J. Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin company 5th, 6th and 7th; Banker's Daughter company 12th, 13th and 14th; C. L. Davis' Alvin Joslin company 15th, 16th and 17th.

Grand Opera House (Joseph Gobay, manager): The Vokes Family opened the house for the season 2d, appearing in Cousin Joe and the Belles of the Kitchen, and Fun in Fog 3d, and owing to the very sultry weather the houses were not large. Fred Vokes had no conception of the character of Joe. The rest of the company were fair. Booked: Hyde and Behman combination 12th, 13th and 14th; Miner-Rooney combination 15th, 16th and 17th.

Items: Jennie Yeaman was overcome by the heat on the 1st, and fainted on the stage as the curtain was rung down on the last act of the Connie Soogah.—Manager Gobay presented each of the patrons of the G. and with a very handsome programme on the opening night.

## SYRACUSE.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehnen, manager): The Clarke-Gayler combination produced Connie Soogah Aug. 29 and 30. The play contrasts admirably with the average Irish drama, and the audience were well pleased. Connie McGrath by George Clarke, was very pleasing. J. F. Hagan did well with Jeffrey Trickett, while Leo Cooper, Mrs. Grace Claire, and the balance of the company, were universally good. Little Jennie Yeaman won an enviable position in the hearts of her audiences as a charming little soubrette. Mower and Simmons' Uncle Tom's Cabin party to good business 3d, and all seemed to enjoy this well-worn piece. Booked: Hyde and Behman's Comedy company 9th and 10th.

Items: Charles J. Trus, of Manager Phil Lehnen's staff, is in Watertown on the theatrical business.—John H. Peasley and wife (M'le, Lea) are in town.—Several of the Cal Wagner troupe severed their connection with the company while in this city.—Work on the new Opera House will soon be commenced.—Cyrus H. Stewart left for the West last week, where he goes as leading man in the Agnes Wallace-Villa company.—Charles S. Ph. Lips has returned from Sarasota, much to the delight of theatre-going people.—The "Programme" is the title of the newly introduced house-bill. It is a tasty and readable little affair.

## TROY.

Griswold Opera House (S. M. Hickey, manager): The Vokes' opened 29th for four nights to large business. Brooks, Dickson and Clapham's Minstrels came 2d and 3d to large attendance. Coming: Abercrombie's Uncle Tom's Cabin 5th, 6th and 7th; Healey's Hibernicon, 8th and 9th.

Rand's Opera House (Preston and Powers, managers): Hyde and Behman's Comedy company appear 5th, 6th and 7th; Harry Miner's Fat Rooney troupe 10th.

Grand Central Varieties (C. S. Gray & Co., managers): A good variety show is given nightly by a superior company to fair attendance.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

## CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte Opera House (L. W. Sanders, manager): Fay Templeton's Opera company in The Mascotte changed date from 12th instant to 7th.

## OHIO.

## CLEVELAND.

Opera House (L. G. Hanna, manager): Closed. The regular season opens 5th with Thomas W. Keene in Richelieu; Richard III, Hamlet, Macbeth, Fool's Revenge and Merchant of Venice are announced for the week. The company have been actively rehearsing and all indications point to an auspicious and successful opening.—M. B. Curtis as Sam'l of Posse next week.

Academy of Music (John A. Ellsler, manager): The preliminary season was inaugurated 1st by Barry and Fay's Comedy company, which drew crowded houses balance of the week. Their well known farce, Muldoon's Picnic, is prefaced by a variety olio. The St. Felix sisters are very great in songs and dances, and the Garnells simply amazing in acrobatic exercises.—Tony Pastor, who has already appeared here twice this year, returns 6th for five nights. Tony had a good show, but has been here too often late. Sprague's Novelty company 12th, week.

Items: The new electric light looks well in front of the Academy.—The semi weekly concerts at Haltorth's Garden are still quite popular.—The Amusement Record, published by Treasurer Shannon, contained the Academy programme.—Manager Hanna has designed a very novel and attractive "season ticket" for representatives of the press.

## COLUMBUS.

Grand Opera House (Col. Theo. Morris, manager): Sol Smith Russel, supported by a fairly good company, played Edgewood Folks to a good business during the week of 29th.

Comstock's Opera House (Frank Comstock, manager): Annie Pixley opened 29th in M'lis to big house and played to very large business the rest of the week. The company supporting her is the worst she has had.—Coming: Cal Wagner's Minstrels, 8th. Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty, 10th.

Items: Ed. Kaufman, manager Clough's Opera House, and K. R. Wilson, Mirror correspondent at Chillicothe, were in the city several days this week.—Frederick Paulding will be here 24th.—Englehardt's embalmed whale started for Minneapolis, Minn., Friday.—Col. Theo. Morris left for the east last night.

## SANDUSKY.

Our amusement season opens 7th, with Mr. Frank Mordaunt in his new play, Old Shipmates, and it could not be more fittingly inaugurated, as Mr. Mordaunt is quite popular with Sandusky audiences. Mr. Stoffle promises us an unusually bright season; all dates, with but a few exceptions, are now filled.

## TOLEDO.

Wheeler's Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): The season was opened by Sol Smith Russell and company in Edgewood Folks Aug. 27. Rose Eyttinge gives us Feltina one week, commencing 12th.

Adelphi Theatre (Fred McAvoy, manager): Mr. McAvoy, again controls the Adelphi, and opened with a variety company Aug. 29.

Theatre Comique (Lent and Banks, managers): Billed for 29th are Carrie Lavarine, Jennie Montague, Sullivan and Harrington, and May Raymond. Business good the past week.

## XENIA.

New Opera House (John A. Hirving, manager): Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty opens the season 8th. Booked: 19th and 20th the Agnes Wallace Villas; 22d, Draper's Uncle Tom; 26th, Anthony and Ellis Uncle Tom; 28th, B. W., P. and W. Minstrels.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

## ALLEGHENY.

Academy of Music (B. J. Hagenbuch, proprietor): Owing to the death of the infant daughter of Cora Van Tassell (Mrs. Edwin Young), the company did not appear 2d as advertised. But notwithstanding this great affliction, Fanchon was presented 3d, with Cora Van Tassell in the title role, giving a clever picture of the hoydenish cricket. The company were well up in their parts, and gave a satisfactory performance. Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty 9th; George Adams' Pantomime company 10th; Clarke and Gayler's Connie Soogah 17th.

Item: Holman's English Opera company have canceled engagement 10th, giving as

excuse for so doing, that the serious condition of the President will not warrant them taking the road. Rumor has it, however, that—well, the company know; I judge what the rumor is, without me repeating it.

## ASHLAND.

Opera House (T. F. Barrow, manager): Lillian Cleves will make her first appearance in this city, in Only a Farmer's Daughter, on the 8th; seats going fast. Booked: Holman's Opera troupe, in Olivette, 17th; G. H. Adams' Humpty Dumpty, 23d; Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, 30th.

## BRADFORD.

Wagner Opera House (Wagner and Reis, proprietors): R. G. Morris' new drama, Old Shipmates, received its first public representation on any stage here Aug. 30. The piece was written especially for Frank Mordaunt, and at once achieved signal success. The drama was produced with the following cast:

Capt. Marlin Weathergaze	Frank Mordaunt
Capt. Ned Witham	Hudson Lision
Dan Denny	Charles B. Walte
Counsellor Witham	G. J. Henderson
Harriet Lane	Ina Clayton
Mrs. Abigail Coffin	Emma Frank
Jenny Hunter	Joan Goodrich
Rafferty, boatswain	H. Graham
Oleson, coxswain	T. Atkinson

One-Armed Johnny.

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HERNE'S HEARTS OF OAK.

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and the

RAIN BURST OF REAL WATER.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Bijou Opera House,

## The Giddy Gusher



One of the wisest provisions of an all wise Providence is that for the dead; there is no coming back. Foster and Slade to the contrary, the disembodied spirit does not revisit the scenes of earth. I should believe in future punishment if I was a Spiritualist, for a return to familiar scenes would be the worst sort of a hell to any loving soul. Being more than ordinarily fond of a very bright woman when my theological views were in a rather chaotic state, we used to discuss early death in a romantic fashion, and make terrible vows to each other as to our behavior beyond the grave. Why, we two promised many years ago that she who first laid down to final rest would break the bondage of the grave to know and soothe the sorrow in the other's breast. (And if that ain't a verse, I'm averse to know what is.) And as time rolled on, it came about my dear old chum was called to meet the early death we had rather courted in our romantic days. God rest her. I really believe could she come back as she promised, the only heart she had ever trusted that remembered her would be that of the Giddy Gusher. In three weeks from the day of her burial her husband wrote a love letter to his wife's bosom friend. We all remember the loving soul in Paradise who implored the heavenly gate keeper for just one hour on earth in which to comfort the broken-hearted lover she had left kicking and pulling out his hair on her grave, and though a thousand years in Hades was the price, she paid it and jumped in on a scene to which the tortures awaiting her were as nothing, for a blonde head lay on the shoulder where her brunette locks were wont to diapir, and a big fat girl occupied the loving arms that had clung to her consumptive form. Smiles sat on the lips she had last beheld pale with grief. All together it was the worst frost that had ever nipped her, and she flew for her thousand years, taking to the tortures very kindly after that return to earth.

It's a queer world, taken any way, and human affection is not an infringement of Good-year's patent. I got several lessons to that effect quite early in life that I shall never forget. There came on a visit to my native town a gentleman and wife from a Western city, and the man was taken sick with some sort of fever, and after quite a lengthy sickness, attended by the best doctor (who happened to be a good-looking bachelor), the poor husband died, and was laid out and confined, and the funeral appointed and the mourners gathered. When the widow spoke of the family of the deceased and how badly they would feel, having no picture of their lost relative, some friends suggested a portrait by an eminent artist residing among them, and he was sent for in hot haste. This was before the days of Daguerre, when the fleeting daguerreotype and the flattering photograph were unknown, and a portrait after death was accomplished from a plaster cast taken from the face of the dead. At that time no one was married, hung or buried without my active superintendence; naturally then I accompanied the artist to the home of mourning and carried the pall of plaster of Paris. We were ushered into the room where the body lay, and every one retired but our two selves. The artist twisted a towel round the handles of the folding doors separating us from the disconsolate widow and her sorrowing friends to secure us from interruption and commenced operations. It was a hot summer day; the sharp, stinging cry of the locusts in the trees outside and the stamp of the impatient horse attached to the hearse were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the sad place. A towel was tucked neatly in round the dead man's nice white shirt, the rigid features were rapidly brushed over with sweet oil, and to insure the reappearance of every wrinkle in the matrix a spoonful of the heavy plaster was dashed with much violence into the hollow surrounding the right eye, and, as it was spattered down with the back of the wooden spoon, behold! we both saw the left eyelid twitch. The artist, in great excitement, wiped off the plaster and tried another spoonful, and we got another wink. To come to Hecuba—for it's too long a story—the man was alive. I rushed for a doctor, silently and stealthily introduced him into our bureau of resuscitation, and in twenty minutes the body was looking about in a dazed way; and upon the artist devolved the task of breaking the news of the resurrection to the widow. There was a crowd of mourners, relations and friends. The man, as men go, was an excellent husband, father and citizen, and a pleasant person to know. In that assembled company I saw consternation—the wildest surprise and alarm—but there wasn't a available of expression—and the entirely upset expression on the deceased widow's face I shall never

forget. As I trotted home with the unused pail of plaster, the artist and I exchanged views.

"She didn't seem pleased a bit," said I, referring to the widow.

"No wonder. She's not only lost a funeral but a wedding," answered the resurrectionist. "She has been engaged to the attendant physician for forty-eight hours to my certain knowledge."

When you make your mind up to a certain thing and expect it, you feel sort of disappointed if it don't come off. Even if it's a funeral, or your own leg. I remember when Mrs. Buskin took to her bed with mortal illness, she got poor old Sock up nine nights out of seven to hear her last words and see her depart in peace. Every time she sank most out of sight, and every time she rallied, and got some solid food about daylight. This thing went on for weeks till Sock got sick of it. He was great friends with an undertaker in his neighborhood, and, in a general way, bespoke Mrs. B.'s coffin. So one day, after a specially bad night, he dropped in on the undertaker, and told him the old lady couldn't live through the day, and the man just sent the coffin home that afternoon. Sock set it up in the parlor, and dusted off the plate, and bought a wreath of immortelles, and laid it on the cover, and then brought in Samanthe to see the outfit. Instead of being pleased, she nearly raised the roof. She went on all day, but every one took a sleep that night, and we heard no more of the regular midnight leave-taking. Samanthe Buskin goes out with one of the Fall companies to play second old woman; and Sock is paying storage up at Merrill's for a mahogany coffin with a tarnished plate setting forth how Samanthe died August 11, 1869.

The story runs of another lingering case of suffering up in Connecticut, when an old lady watched beside a husband's death bed for something like eighteen months. There was a ray of hope one day and a relapse the next, till the patient wife was exhausted. The patient had been very weak for several days together, when one morning the neighbors went in and found the widow quietly weeping.

"Poor darling," she sobbed, "he breathed his last just as the clock struck four, and Miss Belcher's bantam began crowing."

"Did he seem to suffer much?" asked the minister's wife.

"Not close to the last," was the broken answer. "About three he had a bad spell of breathing, and I took his wind-pipe between my thumb and forefinger and pressed it kind of gently, and he went off as easy as a lamb."

Now this week I've been over to Brooklyn to see a devoted husband who has an invalid wife. He has got all his time filled with a Western star for the winter, and as he rode over to New York with me he discussed the situation.

"What do you think of her, Miss Gusher?" he began; "do you see any change?"

I assured him I could not.

"It'll be dreadful to be called home for the funeral just as I start out," he continued. "It seems a pity to take the rooms for another month if she is going to die right away. I have given up all hope of her ever pulling through. Sickness is so expensive, too, and her dying in a week or two will just break me up for the winter. I never was in such a position. I don't know which way to turn. If she died this week, the funeral could be held Sunday, and I could be with the company on Wednesday, and the whole thing over with, poor dear soul. She fights every inch, but to no use. She is going to go soon, and its making things very unpleasant for everyone the way she hangs out."

Now, this devoted husband reads his little MIRROR as all good actors do, and when he strikes the connective incident, I think it may help him out of his quandary; and he, like many another loving husband, will rejoice that they knew the

GIDDY GUSHER.

## Pleasant Talk.

(Lock Haven (Pa.) Daily Journal)

The NEW YORK MIRROR, published in New York, is the largest and most complete journal devoted to the stage. Every publication contains the most reliable dramatic news, and a score of lithographic pictures of famous actors and musicians. It is printed on tinted paper, presents a bright appearance, and is a credit to the profession.

(Columbus (S. C.) Register)

The NEW YORK MIRROR is probably the leading stage journal of the United States. It is full of illustrations; the reading matter is choice, and will interest any person, whether in the profession or not.

(Paris (Ill.) Gazette)

The NEW YORK MIRROR is interesting and valuable to the amusement-loving people, containing more information relative to amusements, theatrical and musical than any other paper published in the country. It stands pre-eminently at the head of the list, and is the accredited organ of theatrical managers and the dramatic profession of America.

(Talladega (Ala.) Standard)

The MIRROR is published in the interest of the drama, and is the best publication of the kind in the United States. The number before us is a model of typographical beauty, and the matter is all that could be wished; it is truly a mirror of the dramatic world.

## Professional Doings.



We present above a correct likeness of Miss Helen Coleman, who has achieved some distinction for her clever delineation of the Widow Bedott. Although we have not had the pleasure of seeing the lady in the character, yet our exchanges are quite flattering in their estimate of her abilities, and some of them place her above Burgess and Bishop as the garrulous old lady.

F. J. Martin has signed with The World No. 2.

Cyril Searle will be a member of Booth's company.

Edwin F. Thorne has been engaged by Thomas W. Keene.

Mrs. DeLacy goes with W. J. Florence for the season '81-'82.

James Cooper has accepted an engagement with Joseph Murphy.

Nick Roberts has accepted an engagement with Maggie Mitchell.

Clarence Gibson will be with W. J. Florence during the season of 1881-'82.

Archie Boyd will be a member of the McKee Rankin combination next season.

Mrs. Frank Tannehill will be a member of the company supporting McKee Rankin.

Joseph Wheeldon will do the leading business with the Charlotte Thompson company.

Pauline Markham is playing Louise in the Two Orphans in the Eastern circuit, with great success.

Hoey and Hardie's combination open their season at the Windsor Theatre, New York, Wednesday night.

E. M. Gardiner is in town. He has recovered from his dangerous illness, and is ready for the tour of Mayo.

The Criterion Theatre, Chicago, was opened Monday night. We received invitations to attend the initial performance.

L. R. McCormack leaves for Boston, in a few days, where he has been engaged as a member of the Boston Theatre stock company.

Ada Trimble and George Radcliffe are under contract to appear in Brighton and Carver's Northwestern circuit, commencing October 3.

The right for producing Hazel Kirke and The Professor has been sold to an Australian manager, who will immediately begin arrangements for their production.

William Gleason and Miss Crolius have canceled their engagement with the Rooms for Rent party, and have been replaced by Samuel Reed and Lizzie Fletcher.

Charles Frohman has severed his connection with Haverly's Mastodons, of which he was acting manager, and has accepted control of the New Madison Square Hazel Kirke company.

James Lathrop, for several years an attache of Whitney's Grand Opera House, Detroit, Mich., will represent Mr. Whitney's interests as manager of the Grand Opera House, London, Ont.

Handsome souvenirs of the one hundredth performance of The Professor will be given away this evening at the Madison Square Theatre, as to-night is the play's centennial anniversary.

Douglas White arrived in the city from Chicago last week, where he has been playing an engagement with the Evolution company. White is now playing at Niblo's with Colville's World company No. 1.

Osmond Tease took a benefit at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night last, we learn by a dispatch, which was a substantial affair. Osmond will leave the Pacific with a bag full of ore.

Belton Gilreath, manager and proprietor of the Opera House at Greenville, S. C., is in the city, and has secured a number of first class attractions for his theatre. He is stopping at the Grand Central Hotel.

"Our Medical Students" arrived home Sunday night, having joined the ranks of the defunct companies, which have thus early met an untimely fate. It is stated that an effort at reorganization will be attempted.

Haverly's Widow Bedott company will include Charles Bishop, Thomas Bishop, Sol Smith, George Farron, Charles Barton, Mrs. Charles Thompson, Clara Ellison, Victory Creese, with Frank M. Paul as manager.

Charles E. Verner's play of The Eviction was "injuncted" last week in Detroit by W. McK. Lomax, who claims the title on the strength of a copyright obtained in 1879. Verner has changed the name of his play to Wirthstru.

Edward Witting, formerly press agent for Bachelor and Doris' shows, is now looking after the printing and interests of the new Eighth Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in connection therewith he is publishing the Philadelphia News Letter.

The One Hundred Years Ago combination is composed of the following people: W. A. Soutard, William Monroe, Charles Dixon, Fred Sackett, Robert Caldwell, Flora Western, George F. Bird, Helene Adelle, John D. Walsh, and C. A. Miller. The company open at Montreal, Canada, September 21.

Miss Chester, a play by Florence Mayatt, the novelist, has been produced at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, and the critics are quite enthusiastic over it. It was written over nine years ago, and its merits have just been discovered. Osmond Tease and Jeffrey Lewis made a very favorable impression in it.

Charles Frohman, late manager of Haverly's Mastodons, arrived in New York on Monday. He is the latest acquisition of Frohman which Mr. Mallory has obtained. He was especially secured for the management of the Hazel Kirke traveling company.

John H. Havlin, manager of the Raymond combination, writes THE MIRROR from Boston as follows: "We opened last night (5th) to the largest house ever in the Park Theatre. Raymond was called before the curtain after each act, and Fresh is a genuine hit in Boston."

There appears to be no doubt that John Rogers' Geraldine company is a go. The best evidence of this is that the Meech Brothers, of Buffalo, offered the party the privilege of opening their new theatre next season. It is needless to add the proposition was immediately accepted.

Ed. H. Neil will be business manager of McKenna and Driscoll's Eileen Oge company, and Warren Clyde, L. F. Gordon, J. P. Ryan, George W. Whitford, William Royston, Herbert Jones, William Clarke, J. F. Watson, Emma Clavelle, Louise F. Andrews, and Marie Elliott, are the company engaged.

Strakosch is going to treat San Francisco with Gerster! So be it; but along with Gerster he must give singers to match. The last time he honored that village with an opera he had Annie Louise Carey and—that was all. For surely Litta, although a very nice singer, cannot be called a prima donna, Maria Roze, although fat, fair and forty, is a very wheezy assoluta. Lazzarini, the tenor *di grazia*, could be only called a tenor *per grazia*. The tenor robusto, Mr. Adams, was robusto all but the ro. The baritone, Pan taleon, was a pantalone indeed; and Conly, the basso, was the only male voice in the troupe. If Gerster goes with a well constructed company she will draw; if not—why, not.

R. D'Oyly Carte's season will begin Thursday, September 22, at the Standard Theatre, with the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience, and a cast comprising W. T. Carleton, J. H. Ryley, James Barton, Carrie Burton, Alice Burville, Rose Chappelle, Augusta Roche, L. Cadwallader and A. Wilkinson, from the Opera Comique, London. The opera will be produced under the direction of H. A. Halton, from the Opera Comique, and Charles Harris. The costumes are imported from London, and made from the designs by Gilbert. They are novel, unique and aesthetic. The scenery, by Mazzonovitch, is from models copied from the London production. Mr. Carte has also purchased the sole right for America for the two new operas by Messrs. Stephens and Solomon, Claude Duval and Lord Bateman, for this country, and is also the proprietor of the spectacular drama, Youth, produced at the Drury Lane Theatre by the authors, Augustus Harris and Henry Pettit.

Rice's Surprise Party undergoes many important changes the present season. It will present a wide repertoire of light opera, including Cinerella at School, The Maitette, The Mystic Isle, Billee Taylor, The Princess, Trebouzende, Madame Favart, Le Mou-quiteers, and West Point. It is Mr. Rice's intention, however, to give occasional performances of the pure burlesque and extravaganza class of entertainments. The season opens August 29. Rehearsals are now progressing. The following is a complete list of the company: Topsy Venn, Fanny Wentworth, Rose Temple, Carrie E. Perkins, R. de Daua, Emma Burgess, Irene Perry, Jennie Cale, Fanny Hall, Hindie Harrison, Eva Barrington, Lillian Shandley, Jessie Calf, Lizzie Dana, Annie E. Hart, George Flagg, Hattie Grinnell, May Smith, Lulu M. Campbell, Tillie Watterson, Annie W. Lynn, Lizzie Rockwell, Carrie Templeton, Lillian Gray, Isabella Chalabie, Henry E. Dixey, A. W. F. McCollin, Eugene Clarke, Max Figman, Donald Harold, Edward E. Aiken, George A. Schiller, Hamilton Nichols, John E. Harrington, David Steele, Andrew Metzgar, Alfred Nichols, Theo. A. Watterson, J. H. Longhru, Benjamin F. Hewes, Frank Parr, Charles E. Galloway, Henry Shadoff, and John Innes. The company will be under the immediate supervision of Edward E. Rice; Henry Sator, musical director; A. W. F. McCollin, stage manager; Paul F. Nicholson, advance agent, and John E. Harrison, Secretary.

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Philip Klein, Bill Poster and Manager of Masonic Hall, show, commercial paper received in advance. Work done promptly. Opposite Post-office.

## A MORDAUNT BOOM!

## OLD SHIPMATES,

WRITTEN BY ROBERT GRIFFIN MORRIS, AND PRODUCED AT THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BUFFALO,

WITH

FRANK MORDAUNT AS THE STAR,

SCORED A MOST

MARVELOUS, INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS!

## Read the Press Endorsements.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

Frank Mordaunt appeared at the Academy of Music last evening in Mr. Robert Griffin Morris's new comedy-drama entitled *Old Shipmates*, and the audience was of goodly proportions, and enthusiastic and discriminating. *Old Shipmates* was written for Mr. Mordaunt; it was the first effort of a talented young journalist to a playwright; and this was the second representation of the piece.

Mr. Mordaunt is a thoroughly good actor, and we had not a little curiosity to know how well

Mr. Morris had measured his dramatic strength and how generously he had provided for the play of those special qualities which distinguish him from other good actors.

The author has done his work admirably; the character of Captain Marline Weatherage fits Mr. Mordaunt like a glove; the play is a genuine success; and both author and actor are to be sincerely congratulated. The curtain had to be rung up at the close of each of the first three acts in response to the most enthusiastic applause; Mr. Mordaunt had to come before the curtain at the close of the third act; and the curtain was rung down the final scene, and the audience who must have proved exceedingly grateful to all more immediate interest, in the success of the play. *Old Shipmates* is one of the best comedy dramas of the latter day stage. The story it tells is a healthful one, without any of the proses which is supposed by well meaning people to be an indispensable adjunct of harmless plays; the plot without being intricate, is exceedingly ingenious and abounds in charming surprises. In construction the drama is compact, symmetrical and artistic, the sentiment is warm and pure, and the humor is as fresh, unctuous and breezy as one could wish. The musical spirit is pronounced, and the language of the stage is given with such felicity and force that it feels as if it were always the exhilarating and tonic air of the sea, while the highly interesting dramatic life is being solved for him. There is a spontaneity in the humor that is exceedingly refreshing, and a mellow and resonance in the interpretation of it which make it splendidly effective. There are no weak points in the play; they are all well put, and many of them are positively irresistible and provoke the audience to uproarious merriment. The sentiment which nicely balances the humor is natural, clean and firm in tone, and expressive of simple feeling or profound emotion as the exigencies of the drama may require. The music of the piece is well composed; the situations are all strong, the characters admirably individualized, and the nautical vocabulary is drawn upon with consummate tact. There is no mistaking the author's meaning anywhere; there is no patchwork in the make-up of those who figure in his drama; and the story he tells, while absorbingly interesting, is entirely within the limits of the probable. And so we have no hesitancy in pronouncing Mr. Morris' comedy drama a very decided success.

Mr. Frank Mordaunt in the role of Captain Marline Weatherage, is as his best. He is a brave, generous, noble hearted Yankee skipper to the life; and is at once manly, strong, eloquent and profoundly emotional at times, dealing with the sea, the ship, the men, the women, and the home life, equally at home, if indeed not more effective in his treatment of the humor of the roles, but so tellingly effective, is he in both sentiment and humor that a very close and critical analysis would be necessary to determine in which quarter his greater success lay. The author produced a first class character for him, and he in turn demonstrates his ability to command admiring attention and enthusiastic applause for it.

Mr. Hudson Liston personated Captain Ned Witham's role which is the very antithesis of that assumed by Mr. Mordaunt, and acquited himself admirably. Mr. Liston is a good actor, and we are not very much mistaken, his Old Ned will prove to be one of the best things he has ever done.

Mr. Charles B. Waite made a genuine hit as Dan Denny, "the boy sailor." In make up, action, dialogue and business, he was excellent, and his on his full share of the honors.

Mr. J. G. Henderson played the part of Counselor Witham well; and although One Armed Johnny is an apocryphal character, he is made to answer a good purpose and is entitled to a word of praise.

Miss Ina Clayton is petite and pretty and fits to the part of the heroine, Harriet Lane, very nicely.

Miss Emma Frank has a difficult role in the part of Mrs. Abigail Coffin, better known in the drama as "the Commodore," but she plays it for all it is worth, which means that she is far justiceto one of the most important characters in the drama.

Miss Joan Goodrich is a pretty and talented actress, and her Jenny Hunter is an original. She is dashing, vivacious and genuinely funny, and a pretty face helps very materially to strengthen her performance.

The company is an unusually strong one; and the season is not likely to bring us anything more novel or taking than *Old Shipmates*.

[From the Buffalo Advertiser.]

A new comedy-drama entitled *Old Shipmates*, and written by Mr. Robert Griffin Morris, of the New York Telegram was produced at the Academy of Music last evening, before a large audience. We are pleased to state that the play is an excellent one; the story is interesting, the situations are strong and effective, the dialogue is crisp, and the drama is remarkably well balanced throughout. In

fact, Mr. Morris has done his work admirably, and we congratulate him. We shall be greatly surprised if this play does not prove a great success. The story, though a simple one, is well worked up, and the introduction of situations and comic expressions is a very neat and effective feature. The characters are not strained, but talk and act in the most natural manner, and their motives, either good or evil, are clearly and vigorously set forth.

Mr. Frank Mordaunt, formerly of this city, and an old favorite here, took the leading part, Captain Marline Weatherage, of the whaling ship "Aurora Borealis," and it's one which suits him exactly. We never saw him to better advantage. The Captain is a really delightful character, original, manly, warm-hearted, full of generous impulse, and one of the most striking types of a seafarer ever put upon the stage. The robust Captain, with his noble silence, his purpose, his unceasing ambition in his thoughts, his devotion to the interests of his "little shipmates," is bound to win a high degree of popular favor. Mr. Mordaunt was heartily greeted last night, and was called out after the third act. The part of Captain Ned Witham, a first class old scoundrel, was well played by Mr. Hudson Liston. That of his son, Counselor Witham, a young and rascally lawyer, was effectively rendered by Mr. J. G. Henderson. A neat bit of character acting was done by Mr. Charles B. Waite, as Dan, the "boy steerer." Miss Ina Clayton was reduced and graceful as Harriet Lane, the special object of Captain Weatherage's solicitude and affection, and the innocent victim of My Sweetheart, the piece is in the strongest possible contrast with that production. It is a woman's work we sympathize with this time. Not a single man, excepted by a few, is piling the surf on Sandy Hook, and long barks of snowy foam outline the coast of distant Rockaway. Following close on My Sweetheart, the piece is in the strongest possible contrast with that production. It is a woman's work we sympathize with this time. Not a single man, excepted by a few, is piling the surf on Sandy Hook, and long barks of snowy foam outline the coast of distant Rockaway. Following close on My Sweetheart, the piece is in the strongest possible contrast with that production. It is a woman's work we sympathize with this time. 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